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OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW IS FREEDOM

NASSER

The king is dead. Long live the. . .?

The peace negotiations he wanted to implement are left dangling. The war he hoped to avoid may break out again after a decent period of mourning.

He began as one of a group of colonels. His troops surrounded Farouk's palace, dressed him in a naval uniform, fired a 21 gun salute, and packed him off to Italy. It was the most bloodless of the bloodless coups.

Nasser was head of state.

Quietly, he put down several mutinies, and instituted sweeping reforms.

With the Aswan Dam, which Egypt could not finance, Nasser entered the complicated and dangerous game of playing off the U.S. and Russia. He consolidated his personal power by persuading the British to give up control of the Suez Canal, which he then nationalized, and for the first time the world focused on the Middle East as a battleground in a world struggle.

French, British, and Israeli forces attacked and occupied Port Said, but both Russia and the U.S. used their powers in the U.N. to call a halt. Nasser suffered his first serious setback, as weaknesses were revealed militarily and in the government. Still, for a while he united Syria and Egypt.

Until the disaster of the six-day war with Israel. It was a stunning defeat and the beginning of a new consciousness among the Arab people. His power began to decline and the role of the guerrilla, the liberation fighter came to the fore.

What now?

A truce is still in effect. It seems, at best, temporary.

What happened last week, when civil war flared in Jordan, was an atrocity. Hussein revealed himself to be an absolute motherfucker. He gave free reign to the Army, and they slaughtered thousands of civilians in the streets and in the refugee camps.

Here is part of a communique released by the Palestine Liberation Organization shortly after the announcement of the cease-fire:

"The Central Committee of the PLO would like to set the record straight. The cease-fire in Jordan is of a temporary nature and for a short duration, primarily for humanitarian reasons to evacuate the wounded, bury the dead, and remove those who have been trapped under the rubble of their mud huts. The cease-fire is not for the purpose of entering into negotiations with the Amman fascist regime, but in response to the humanitarian calls from Arab and non-Arab sources to ameliorate the conditions of the civilian population."

Clearly, a vacuum now exists in the Middle East. The effect of Nasser's death is large. The confusion, the turbulence, has increased.

— Bob & Annie

over the top

The US Army, in a fit of foolishness, has decided to let Lee Felsenstein into its ranks.

Lee, Tribe Engineer and a Berkeley activist of many years standing, is all ready to go. October 7th is the day.

"I am particularly eager to become acquainted with the M-16 and small-unit tactics," he told TRIBE. "I feel that my technical faculties can be put to good use evaluating Army equipment and procedures.

"Who knows? We may need our own army some day."

Lee has made contact with MDM, as well as other underground people and organizations. He promises to write regularly about his experiences in the Green Machine, and to send home whatever souvenirs he may come across.

acquittal

FLASH — Three brothers were acquitted Wednesday in Moneterey County of charges of assaulting (with a deadly weapon) weveral Soledad prison guards and holding them hostage. Two other brothers have already had the charges dropped.

The defense of the three — Robert Eshback, Floyd Thompson, and Mervin "Snuffy" Smith — hinged on the dehumanizing conditions in the prison's maximum security "O Wing" and the general pigishness of the guards. Eight guards oinked under oath for the prosecution to no avail in the State's attempt to railroad the brothers, but the power of the people is greater than the pigs' lies.

FROM DEEPEST BABYLON

When an angry rain of bullets brought an abrupt end to Jonathan Jackson and the Marin County Justice Drive early last August, one man among those participating managed not to die. His name is Ruchell McGee, and the San Quentin "justice" machine is taking steps to correct the oversight.

On Tuesday, Sept. 28, Ruchell McGee was dragged in chains before blind justice inside San Quentin. Without counsel. He was permitted to move for a change of venue on grounds that he could not get a fair trial there (the motion was taken under advisement for later decision). He was not permitted, however, to see the transcript of his grand jury indictment, nor to present a 26-page statement containing evidence of his innocence not only on the charges stemming from the liberation attempt, but also on the charges for which he was originally jailed seven years ago.

In both cases the judge felt the documents should remain "sealed" for Ruchell's "own good", to keep them from being released to the press and "prejudicing" the case.

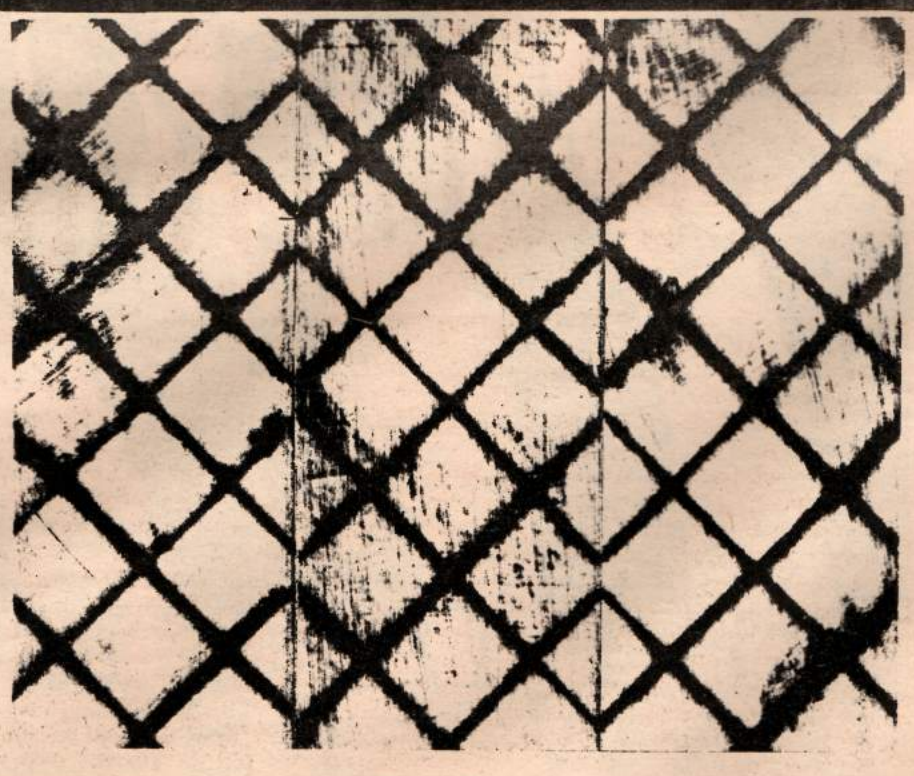
His protests that he was not being allowed to present his side of the case to the public, as the power structure already had, and that this made a fair trial impossible, as well as denied him his constitutional rights to freedom of speech and freedom of press, were considered inconsequential.

At this point Ruchell turned to the people in the courtroom to give him a voice that could reach past the mortar and steel of San Quentin's heart. His correspondence censored, he has no access to the press, no means to get information about his case out, no leverage with which to demand his constitutional rights.

Dissatisfied with his lawyer, Ruchell had fired him and requested that he be allowed to represent himself. Although he handled himself very well and competently through the day's motions, he was judged incapable and Clinton White, a public defender, was appointed to his case. Ruchell considered him "an Uncle Tom nigger" working for the court with the D.A. and the judge. (an accusation with considerable basis in historical reality), and a racist of the worst kind — selling out his own people.

Ruchell's next hearing is October 14. The power that can be brought to bear by the united and consistent participation of the populace of California, one of fifty minimum security prisons, is evidenced by the presence of Huey P. Newton among us. It does have an effect. WE ARE ALL OUTLAWS IN THE EYES OF AMERIKA and when your turn comes up, you're gonna need somebody on your bond. If you want the karmic balance to strike in your favor then, be there Oct. 14. Solidarity with our brothers and sisters in the iron heart of the beast!

detroit annie



PEOPLE'S DIPLOMATS

— Eldridge & young NLF fighters —

Eleven people from U.S. revolutionary movements returned from a trip with Eldridge Cleaver to North Korea, North Vietnam, China, and Algiers. The purpose of the trip was to establish a "People's Diplomacy." The group included Robert Scheer, Senatorial Candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party, Elaine Brown, Deputy Minister of Information of Southern California of the Black Panther Party, Jan Austin of Ramparts, Andy Truskier of the International Liberation School, Alex Hing of the S.F. Red Guards, Pat Sumi of MDM. The "U.S. People's Anti-Imperialist Delegation" was the first group of Americans to visit Korea since the Korean War and the first to visit China since the Cultural Revolution. They met with Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia and representatives of the Pathet Lao in addition to the governments and people of the three countries visited.

In Algiers they attended the opening of the Black Panther Party International Section. It has been accorded full embassy status (the State Department doesn't have an embassy there) and is in the old NLF embassy building as a symbol of the international importance of the Panthers. The Embassy, along with offices in New Haven and Berkeley will serve to carry news and other information between U.S. revolutionaries and liberation movements of the Third World, many of whom also have offices in Algiers. It will also lead toward more substantial forms of aid and cooperation.

* * * * *

Yesterday here in Algeria we had the opening of the Internationl Section of the Black Panther Party. It was really a beautiful sight and a beautiful feeling. The members of the delegation were here and we had invited guests: the Korean ambassador came, representatives of the Chinese embassy and news service, the Vietnamese embassy both north and south and a lot of members of liberation movements that are represented here in Algeria. And other people came by to show their solidarity with us and to mark this event. It was really a historic event in terms of internationalizing the struggle inside the United States, and making concrete ties of solidarity with our comrades in arms around the world. In other words we've established a toehold for the movement in the United States, a point of contact where people will know how to relate to us through our channels that we have set up and authorized. They don't have to be dealing with a lot of napes who are bouncing around the world confusing the issue, speaking for the movement, confounding the movement and also embarrassing us with our allies, and making it harder for us to get things done. All this will be dealt with through the Peoples Embassy in Algeria. We want to encourage people to drop by to see us, to come by to see their embassy if they're ever in this part of the world. Instead of going to the establishment operated by that punk William Rogers, drop by the International Section of the BPP and relate and we can further our work.

We're working with a concept of Peoples Diplomacy to offset the diplomacy of the State Department. We're taking as our target specifically William Rogers and his policies, and we're going to blow him away on an international scale. And I think they know we're going to do that because they've been uptight about this whole thing and we're going to put them more uptight than that before it's over, because we've got a lot of things programmed.

The concept of Peoples Diplomacy relates to the alienation between the people and the government, the fact that the government has been usurped by a clique of the ruling class who have turned it into an instrument of fascism and imperialism and aggression and war. And the American people have a duty to rise up against this and to create other machinery that will truly express their interests, work in their interests and that will help combat and off our enemies. This is what we'll be doing through the International Section of the Black Panther Party.

During the process of our trip we learned very clearly that it is necessary fo; us to sophisticate our movement, to unify our movement. We need a tight organization that will include the aspirations of all the people.

It's very clear that there is a value in establishing a U.S. Peoples' Anti-fascist and Anti-imperialist Front so that we can have a correct line that will unite the movement and give it a common perspective and allow us to understand what we're doing better than we do now — this chaotic and confused and factionalized situation we're in. The war policies of the Nixon Administration and all the other bourgeoise administrations that we've been dealing with — these war policies of aggression and exploitation and general trouble making throughout the world — are not just a sideline policy they indulge in to get their kicks. The war in Vietnam, the occupation of South Korea by U.S. troops, the occupation of Taiwan province of China, the invasion of Cambodia, the bases for aggression in Thailand from which bombers fly every day to bomb Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam — all these outposts and toeholds of U.S. imperialism are part and parcel of an overall operation, the number one program of the ruling class in the United States. This is their program. We are opposed to the war, we are opposed to aggression by the U.S. imperialists. We are opposed to exploitation of the people of the world. This means that we are opposed to this class policy of the American bourgeoisie. We don't identify with that class policy; we don't identify with that class. So this is a way of relating to and recognizing the form of the class struggle in the United States these days. The anti-war movement is a form of class struggle.

— Eldridge Cleaver

revolutionary rip-off

What might be the first Tupamaro-style revolutionary rip-off in the U.S. has been unravelling over the last two weeks.

On Sunday, Sept. 20, the National Guard Armory in Newburyport, Mass., was robbed. Guns, hundreds of rounds of ammunition, field telephones, other military gear, and secret federal and state papers were taken. The armory was then nearly destroyed. The attackers seem to have taken the stuff a few miles away in a Guard truck which they later left a few miles from the armory.

The following Wednesday, a woman and two men robbed a Boston-area bank of $26,000. An enthusiastic pig was killed trying to stop them.

That night Robert Valeri, 21, was arrested in his Boston suburb apartment. He is in a program which releases convicts from the Walpole State Prison (he served four years for burglary) to go to college, in his case Northeastern University.

According to the FBI, he named as accomplices two others on the prisoner/college program, as well as two Brandeis University women. How the pigs knew to pick up Valeri and why he gave out these names is very unclear. Letters among the five people were found (or planted) at his place. Was he a pig, a weak member of the group who broke under pressure, or is the whole thing a set-up?

Equipment from the armory raid was supposedly found at the women's apartment, but definite connections between the bank robbery/pig killing and the armory raid have not been established.

Over last weekend the other two prisoner/students, William Gilday and Stanley Bond, were picked up in different parts of the country.

The women, Katherine Power and Susan Saxe, are both still free. Katie Power was active in women's liberation and ran for student council president at Brandeis, and both were part of the National Strike Information Center, which coordinated anti-Cambodian invasion activities last spring. On Tuesday, Michael Fleischman, also of the Strike Center, was arrested at his Philadelphia home for harboring fugitives. The women are being sought in California.

Brandeis, already uptight about their former student Angela Davis, is giving the dead pig's nine children full scholarships.

A lot is up in the air about the whole affair, but it clearly is a major advance for the revolution among whites: bank rip-off for the movement, taking what was wanted from the armory and trashing the rest, killing the pig... It's increasingly necessary that political ideas come clear with actions so that the actions can be both good armed propaganda and military successes. Just fighting is no longer enough.

脫胎換骨

by Han Suyin

PEKING (LNS) — By early September the weather in Peking has cooled from the "tiger heat days"; already everywhere there is cleaning and painting; the little hutungs are swept clean; every hand seems busy; whether it is grandmothers who run bicycle stands and public telephones, or vegetable sellers with their carts.

The shops are full of shoppers from all parts of the country. This is the time for young students to return home to visit their parents. It is also the time at which the cadres who are in the new May 7 cadre schools in the countryside visit their families.

There is an effervescence about Peking which is very stimulating; the cultural revolution has been a success; but what to someone like me (on my sixteenth visit) is most striking is the new sense of freedom, a real grassroots democratic spirit, which is evident everywhere.

The implementation of "let the masses speak, arouse the masses, listen to their opinions"; the fact that I have personally seen how this new democracy works in a new outspokenness may account for a good deal of this exhilaration. But it is also the lack of bureaucracy, the heightened efficiency and the sense of public responsibility which strikes one as so "comfortable to live in."

People on the streets now volunteer help and information; children volunteer to take care of the traffic as some cyclists still persist in ignoring the red lights (there are no fines, only a "telling off" by the policeman).

I visited Tsinghua University which had just had its new batch of students; 2,500 new enrollments. The enrollment is along new lines; no longer by examinations. Tsinghua University announces its vacancies. These are distributed to each province. The province distributes "empty places" to each county and each county to factory and commune.

So there has been enormous debate in each factory, production brigade, production team, as to who should be sent to university; the only specification was that it should be a middle school graduate. Apart from that it was left to the communes and factories to choose, by debate and by election, the lucky youngsters who would go to university. They were chosen by their "three revolutionary" assets, that is, their politics (which is translated as behavior, intelligence, leadership qualities, ability to stimulate, to energize and to initiate, and NOT by mere recitation of quotations), by their production, which is their hard work and assiduity, and by their "technical innovation."

The bunch I saw certainly seemed extremely alert; and highly conscious and eager to learn. Quite different from the apathy and lack of interest in studies one often finds in other Asian universities.

The kind and quality of meetings one now gets into is altogether different; they are much more closely linked to the concrete problems discussed. I remember a small factory in a commune where electronic machinery was being made by women, and where every step of how this small factory grew up was related. Some criticism we made was accepted not only with good temper, but with touching gratitude; one was very far from the bureaucratic "tin god" touch of previous visits.

But it is quite certain that the touchstone for this tremendous energy and vitality is "the little Red Book"; the scientific thinking, analysis from cause to effect, sober assessment, and recommendations to "see reality" and "tell the truth" it contains.

I was told of several cases where some irregularities had been committed; the masses (which means the people involved) had appealed over the heads of their revolutionary committee (guilty of "bureaucratic" ramming through of measures without previous consultation) to higher echelons. Investigations teams set forth. Now instead of holding rectification meetings behind closed doors, all was done in public and wrongs were redressed speedily.

At the moment I write I have just seen an army colonel sewing at a sewing machine together with some girls in the bazaar repair shop. He is a member of the revolutionary committee of the bazaar and doing his manual labor, for revolutionary committee members are not exempt from doing their work.

Another facet of life in Peking today (as it is in other cities I visited) is the preparation for being attacked by air. This, it must be emphasized, is SELF-DEFENSE. SELF-DEFENSE consists not only in digging shelters (they are being dug everywhere), in storing food and supplies, in creating a network of first aid posts all over the country, in storing medicines, but in the mobilization of the population.

It is this aspect which repels so many hasty tourists who have no idea of what is going on in the world, and who have not read books on the possibility of war. It is certain that war today being total war, it is the population which is hit; genocide is now all too common. So thepopulation must be trained in self-defense; in remaining at their own spots; in each region being as self-sufficient as possible.

There must be no panic as in May 1940 in France, or mass exodus of helpless people then being slaughtered from the air or napalmed. Groups of marching and singing and drilling youngsters are everywhere. If war comes, it will be a long war, and it is better that the young should know what to expect than to become helpless victims, as in Vietnam, as in Cambodia today.

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by Margie Heins

The defense case in the marathon Los Siete trial has been rolling along almost without a hitch. Four of the defendants have taken the stand, in addition to two alibi witnesses, a character witness, and a newspaper reporter who said an eyewitness to the shooting of policeman Joe Brodnik on May 1, 1969 told him that Brodnik's partner, Paul McGoran, was "asking for it" when he started hassling five Latinos on Alvarado Street that day. Six brothers are being tried for murdering Brodnik and assaulting McGoran, and a seventh has been indicted but hasn't been caught.

The defense case began with an immense sense of relief last week as defendant Bebe Melendez took the stand and told how McGoran beat up another defendant, Gary Lescallet, and then drew his gun on him; and how before Bebe managed to wrestle the gun away from McGoran, Brodnik was accidentally shot. The prosecution case has been a sort of staggering in the dark after shreds of evidence, a vast confusion of identities out of which no one could make any sense. Bebe's story fit everything together and must have been elucidating even to District Attorney Thomas Norman, who tried to maintain an air of casual confidence as his case against the brothers was slowly reduced to sewage.

Norman acted more desperate this week as Jose Rios, Mario Martinez and Tony Martinez followed Bebe to the stand. Jose and Mario corroborated Bebe's story in every detail: he, Bebe, and Gary were supposed to accompnay Mario Martinez to the College of San Mateo that morning to register for the summer session. Jose found his car had a dead battery and called Mario to pick him up. Mario drove into the Mission District from Daly City and found Jose arguing with a friend, Gio Lopez, who had just placed some hot property in Jose's basement. Jose was scared his parents would "blow it" and insisted Gio remove the stuff. After much arguing, Jose and Gio convinced a very angry Mario to help move the stuff to another place Gio knew. Mario was amazed when he saw the size of the haul – Gio and his partners had removed almost everything from the Horenstein house that wasn't nailed down. Mario finally agreed to move as much as would fit in the car, which he had borrowed for the day from his brother Tony.

Brodnik and McGoran approached and McGoran started right in with a stream of racist insults – "What're you punks doing?"; "Where'd you motherfucking greasers steal this shit?" etc. Brodnik asked whose house it was and when Jose said it was his, asked for some ID. Jose went upstairs to get some, and asked Mario and Gio to come with him.

Mario said he and Gio hid in the attick while Jose went back downstairs. Jose, standing a few feet away, watched McGoran entice Gary into an argument with comments like "Your father's a grapepicker; I eat grapes" and "You greasy bastard, I'm gonna wash my hands on your back." Jose kept telling Gary to cool it; not answer the pig, but finally McGoran initiated a fight. Jose said he ducked down as soon as Bebe grabbed McGoran's gun hand and they began wrestling. When he heard the first shot, Jose looked up and saw Brodnik fall. Then he heard the second shot and saw Bebe grab the gun from McGoran's hand. Jose ran to the car and tried to start it, remembered Mario had the key, and began to scream, "Mario! Mario!" Mario heard him and came down from the attic but when he looked outside and saw Brodnik, he and Gio split through the back door.

Jose testified he fled and hid in bushes two blocks away. He heard the enormous amount of gunfire directed at his house, saw police helicopters flying overhead, and decided the smartest course of action would be to get out of the city. Mario and Gio, Bebe and Pinky, all came to the same conclusion, and by various routes they made their way to Palo Alto and then to Santa Cruz, where they were caught six days later.

Charles Garry had brought in a character witness for Mario, Marsha Berent, who had been a teacher at the College of San Mateo when Mario was there. She described him as "an excellent student" and "a leader" and was about to read a short essay he wrote for her phonics class when the D.A. objected that it was irrelevant. The judge agreed, and despite vociferous protests from Garry which lasted for the next three days, refused to let this short essay into evidence. Garry insisted that the essay, which expresses Mario's commitment to the struggle of all races for justice and against oppression, establishes: (1) that a man of Mario's character couldn't have formed the "specific intent" to commit the crimes charges, and (2) that Mario had the kind of commitment to helping his people which would make his story–namely that he was bringing brothers to college on May 1–credible.

Mario testified at some length about his recruiting activities. He said he was in a hurry to get to college that day because he was supposed to tutor. D.A. Norman expressed great surprise at this and pulled out a transcript of Mario's academic record, which contained a good number of Withdrawals and Fails. This put the D.A. in the preposterous position of trying to get a murder conviction on the basis of bad grades. Mario explained that the object of the tutoring program at San Mateo was for people to relate to each other and help each other as much as they could, and it wasn't necessary for you to be an A student in order to help your brothers and sisters.

D.A. Norman asked each defendant, including Mario, details about the people who helped them escape. Each in turn refused to answer these questions. At one point, Norman asked Mario how far it was from the San Mateo bus station to a house where he hid. Mario at first refused to answer, but, after a conference with Garry, gave the distance. Norman asked: "What did Mr. Garry just tell you?"

Replied Mario: "He said you were a tricky son of a bitch but I should tell the truth."

As Norman gulped, Garry grinned. He had figured his adversary perfectly.

Following Mario was Kathy O'Rourke, a young white sister who had been Tony's tutor in the spring of 1969, and had been with him all during the morning of May 1. Kathy corroborated Mario's testimony that she had picked up Tony early in the morning and driven him to school. She said they had studied for a biology exam in the library from 8 until 11:30 a.m.

D.A. Norman was nonplussed, to say the least. After a few feeble attempts to establish Kathy's prejudice ("Did you ever attend any social functions with Tony?" "What organizations do you belong to?" "Did you visit Tony in jail?") he asked the witness, almost plaintively, why she didn't tell the police she had been with Tony all that morning.

"I told her not to!" Garry thundered. Norman persisted: "Don't you think it would've been of some assistance to Mr. Martinez if you told the police?"

"Objection!" shouted Mike Kennedy, Bebe's lawyer. "That assumes facts not in evidence – namely that the police are interested in justice."

Later, during his own testimony, Tony explained that Kathy was a "middle class" girl who hadn't had much experience with the police and who thought she might do Tony some good by telling the police his alibi. He said that being brown, and from the Mission, he knew the police to be "arbitrary" and "racist" and so told Kathy herself not to talk to them. The unspoken implication was that had she made herself known to the police, she might never had made it to the witness stand.

After Tony, an Oakland Tribune reporter testified that an eyewitness to the shooting – almost certainly David Caravantes, who had testified he wasn't acquainted with Paul McGoran – told him, "Paul was asking for it. He was pushing them against a wall and roughing them up." Caravantes had testified that McGoran was calling the brothers racist names and started the fight with Gary; however, he also said he saw Gary grab the gun from McGoran, which almost every other witness denies.

As the defense began on Wednesday to move into the matter of Nelson Rodriguez' alibi, it was revealed that Nelson's main witness, Donald Wilson, had mysteriously disappeared. Nelson's lawyer, R.J. Engel, had been alerted to this fact by a snide remark from homicide inspector Jack Cleary the day before. On the witness stand, Cleary siad that Della McKinney, the only eyewitness besides McGoran to identify Nelson at the scene, had informed Cleary that Wilson, was being paid by the defense to give Nelson an alibi. When Della was summoned to court, she explained that she had only told Cleary the Wilsons were poor and the defense would probably have to pay for Donald's plane fare from New York. Engel, who had lost track of Wilson, was somewhat relieved to get a lead into his whereabouts, for Della McKinney, who is both a police informer and an outrageous gossip, knew Wilson's sister. The defense asked, "Why did you feel called upon to call Inspector Cleary about this?"

"I thought it might be important to the case," Della said.

"You mean the prosecution's case," rejoined Mike Kennedy.

"Well, if the boy's telling the truth, it would help the defense."

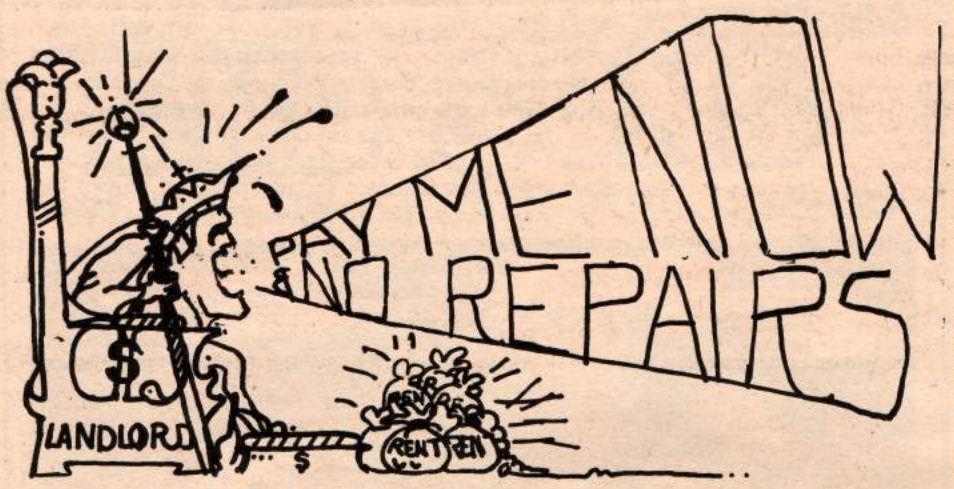
"Then why didn't you tell the defense?"

"I've been more connected with the prosecution."

"You were hoping they'd stop him from testifying, cause if he did, it would make a liar out of you." Garry said. Della, after identifying three different people as the one she saw on May 1, and after assuring R.J. Engel that she couldn't possibly identify his client, turned around and identified Nelson in court.

The jury is beginning to see that Nelson and Tony have been held in jail for 16 months on an outrageous frame-up. How much of Bebe and Jose's story they believe is impossible to say, but it has the virtues of being: (1) more coherent than McGoran's and (2) true. The rest of the defense case will deal with McGoran's brutal, drunken, dishonest, piggy character: as Kennedy said, "We've got alot of character witnesses on the gentleman, and I use that term out of respect to the court reporter."

When you rent



There are three basic kinds of renting agreements. The first is oral; nothing on paper between the landlord and the tenant. Under an oral agreement the rent is paid by the week, bi-weekly or once a month, rarely longer. Either side may end the agreement by giving the other side written notice corresponding to the period between rental payments. If the tenant pays rent monthly, one side gives the other thirty days written notice to end the agreement.

The second very common arrangement is the written rental agreement. This kind of deal usually runs from month-to-month and is ended the same way as oral agreements. It has, however, the added element of many conditions to which the tenant agrees. The landlord prefers a written month to month agreement over an oral one. Why? Because the written agreements usually come in standardized forms and put into writing many conditions and tenant obligations that don't exist in oral agreements. In either kind of month to month agreement, the landlord can raise the rent by giving thirty days written notice.

The third deal is a lease, which normally runs a year on a residence. Leases have one particular advantage to the tenant — the lease gives an added touch of security because the tenant's rent cannot be raised and he cannot be asked to leave during the year unless he breaks one of the conditions he agreed to. In a short housing market, the average tenant might benefit more from a lease, than from another kind of renting agreement.

It may sound trite, but always read what you are signing with a landlord. Go over the agreement or lease paragraph by paragraph and understand what each one means.

The first one says that the tenant waives his rights under California Civil Code sections 1941 and 1942. This is the only statutory right in California that a tenant has to make repairs by withholding rent. It is waived in most form agreements.

The second clause to strike out, if possible, is the one that says the tenant will pay the landlord's attorney's fees in case the landlord has to sue the tenant for violating the agreement. If a tenant fights and loses an eviction case, the landlord's lawyer can get from $250 to $500 — from the tenant.

There are usually other conditions in the form agreement or lease, such as a prohibition against subletting or assigning the tenance to someone else, but there are other ways to work around these conditions and landlords will obviously object to a grand re-writing of their agreements.

When a tenant moves in, the landlord often asks for first and last month's rent, a security deposit and a cleaning deposit. Try to pay just the first month's rent, but, if the landlord is insistent about a large advance sum, try to have the rest of the money called a "security deposit." The reason for this is that the tenant has a clear right to get back a security deposit, even if it is the tenant who breaks the agreement. The landlord can only off-set against the deposit the actual damage he has suffered. On the other hand, the landlord is not obliged to pay back the last month's rent.

When you check a place out, immediately make a survey of the premises. Make a record of everything that is wrong. Everything. If you or a friend have a camera and a few dollars to spare it is worth the expense to take pictures of the apartment. They may come in handy at a later date. For example, when trying to recover a security or cleaning deposit. You can try taking such a list to the landlord before you sign a rental agreement, to get his written consent to make some or all of the needed repairs.

A final caution about written agreements with landlords: Always try to get any side promises the landlord makes in writing. Landlords often make oral promises when you are signing an agreement. Let him understand that you want it in writing along with the rest of the agreement — say it's for everyone's protection, including his. Once all of this is down and the agreement has been signed, make sure you have a copy and tuck it away for safekeeping, perhaps in an envelope in which all the rent and other receipts can be kept.

MAKING REPAIRS UNDER SECTION 1942 of the CIVIL CODE

A major complaint of tenants is that many landlords fail to provide, by making repairs if that is nedessary, a fit and decent place in which to live. Under Civil Code Section 1942 tenants may, through the following procedure, take corrective steps if the landlord refuses to maintain the premises properly.

Let's suppose, that an apartment has erratic and exposed electrical wiring, a defective gas heater, and several broken or unusable windows. A tenant who is interested in having these defence repaired must be very careful about what he does if he wants to continue living in the apartment. Do not, for example, just stop paying rent because of the defects. Withholding all the rent will almost inevitably result in an eviction because a tenant is not allowed to defend against an eviction on the basis that the landlord didn't keep the premises in repair.

Instead, to have the repairs made and still have the protection of the law the tenant must do the following. First, notify the landlord in writing of the substantial defects that need fixing, and of your intention to make the repairs and charge the cost against the next month's rent, if the landlord doesn't make the repairs himself. Second, if the landlord does not make the repairs within a reasonable time — about thirty (less in an emergency situation) — then make the repairs yourself or hire someone to do them. You may spend on repairs up to one month's rent, but no more. Third, having paid for the repairs, deduct the amount spent from the next month's rent, and send the rest to the landlord. Also, send a copy of repair receipts, etc., and save a copy for yourself.

The California legislature recently enacted a new law that restricts the use of this procedure by a tenant. The law will be effective January 1, 1971. Under it the tenant may only use Section 1942 one time in every twelve month period and the section may not be used at all if the tenant has not maintained the premises as best as he can, given the circumstances. On the other hand, the new law prohibits the waiver of this section — as is now the case in most form agreements or leases — and the tenant will probably be protected from retaliatory eviction or rent increase for a period of sixty days after using Section 1942 and/or making a complaint with the local housing inspection agency.

Obviously, the limitation of one month's rent money for repairs means that major repairs probably can't be done because of their expense. Tenants in one building could try to pool their resources and rights under Section 1942. Otherwise, the benefits of this procedure are limited — it's virtue is that some repairs can be made and that it is the only procedure the tenant can use and still be legally protected.

A final word about compelling repairs by the landlord: major defects should be reported to your local housing inspection and/or public health office. The premises will be inspected and the landlord notified of repairs to be made. However, the lengthy appeals process by a landlord and the difficulty of enforcing the housing codes make them virtually useless as a means of forcing repairs. Violations should nevertheless be reported because it provides documentation of tenant claims under Section 1942. Reporting violations will make it harder for a landlord to get away with a retaliatory eviction rent increase.

CAVEAT: This information has been prepared by the Lawyer's Guild Regional Office to serve the community. Remember, this advice is not an adequate substitute for legal counsel. If in doubt, you should consult an attorney.

Gay Liberation News

By Nick Benton

RUTHIE AND JOE

Ruthie and Joe Johanson, co-owners of the White Horse Inn, the northern East Bay's only gay bar which was the scene of two weekends of enthusiastic demonstrations by Berkeley GLF, were present at Monday's GLF meeting to announce a satisfactory settlement of the odds which generated the boycott-picketing. According to Joe, the demonstrations had cost the establishment over $2,000 in business in two weeks. This forced a meeting Sept. 22, at which time it was agreed that the White Horse would cease harrassment of its gay clientele, set up a bulletin board to publicize gay activities, allow the sale of the "Gay Sunshine" newspaper, apply for the renewal of a license that would allow for slow dancing, lift all arbitrary dress regulations, remove the ban prohibiting entry of al demonstrators, and establish a liason board to handle complaints in the future.

CHURCH HIRES STOLL

Jim Stoll, for seven years a preacher in the Unitarian Church before resigning, affirming his own homosexuality and taking up the gay lib cause, has been hired back by his denomination under the title of Special Minister to the Loving Revolution. Among his tasks will be the establishment of a church for radicals in San Francisco. "It will be along the lines of Glide," Stoll said, "and will complement, rather than compete with Glide." Stoll, who spoke on gay liberation at SF's First Unitarian Church this summer, has been spending most of the past year since "coming out" speaking before different church groups.

ITALIAN TV

A touring crew from an Italian television network filmed the monthly celebration of the Bay Area Coalition of Radical Christians last Friday night at the People's Alternative Coffee House. The celebration was sponsored by coalition-member Committee of Concern for Homosexuals, responsible for Gay Switchboard and People's Alternative. Over 40 people, straight and gay, crammed into the little apartment-turned-coffee house across from the White Horse Inn, and endured bright lights, whirring cameras and close quarters to celebrate the affirmaion of homosexual identity represented by the success of the White Horse demonstrations. It included reading of homosexual works, the songs "Sodomy," and "I Got Life" from the soundtrack of "Hair!", personal testimonies of gays who were in the demonstration, and an informal sharing of bread and wine. Some of the straights were a little freaked when the "kiss of peace" was passed. "This service just brought it all together for me," said one gay brother. "I thought I came out as a homosexual years ago," said another, "But actaully I think I've just come out tonight."

GAY HAPPENINGS

Berkeley Gay Lib is having a community pot luck supper this Monday at 6 p.m. at the Seventh Seal on Bowditch between Durant and Bancroft. Come one, come all. . .People's Alternative Coffee House will be open this weekend. Friday and Saturday 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. across from the White Horse, 6536-A Telegraph. . .Dunbar's Coffee House, Five-Square Four-Square, will be open Friday and Saturday from 8-12 p.m. and Sunday from 2-6 p.m.. . .Wednesdays the Gay Rap meets at the Bishop's Coffee House, 1437 Harrison in Oakland, at 7'30 p.m., and dinners for $1 are served there from 6 p.m.. . .San Francisco Gay Lib meets Sundays at 7:30 at 330 Grove in the city. . .Metropolitan Church for gays meets Sundays at 1 p.m. at the California Hall, Polk and Turk, SF. . .Celebrations of the Revolutionary Jesus as Divine Presence for Us at the People's Alternative, 9 p.m. Fridays includes bread, wine and informal rap. . .Study group on Marxist analysis of gay oppression meets Tuesdays, 8 p.m. at 50 Church St. in SF. . .A non-violent action workshop in gay liberation meets Wednesdays at 8 p.m. at 3343 22nd St., SF. . .Connections for and details on all gay happenings can be made by calling Gay Switchboard, 84[illegible]-6982.

GAY SUNSHINE

"Gay Sunshine's" second issue will pay for itself if all the 10,000 copies printed are sold. The first issue was sold-out. So far, the demand for the second is even greater. The newspaper put out by an editorial collective of Berkeley gays at the Gay House commune, sells for 25 cents and offers good profits for those who want to vend them on the streets. . .or mail a few back home.

Blind Date For Garry

"I'm bored with the case. I can't relate to the court system. The people saw to my freedom, and the people will keep me free."

The speaker was Huey Newton. He was standing in front of the Alameda County Courthouse, talking to a group of reporters. A lot of history has gone down there.

The occasion was the setting of the date for Huey's retrial. With him was Charles Garry who protested the fact that it was set for January 11.

"What is happening is part of the repression of the Black Panther Party," said Garry. "Now they are harassing the lawyers so we won't be able to adequately represent our clients.

"The federal court says I MUST start the Hilliard case IMMEDIATELY after Los Siete... New Haven says we MUST start Bobby Seale's trial as soon as Los 7 is completed... the other Panthers' case is set for Oct. 26... Each of these trials is likely to take several months... Now Judge Hove sets Huey Newton's case for early January. It is obvious I can't be in all of these places at once... and it's also clear we can't ask these men to have other lawyers. Bobby Seale already has a 4-year sentence for trying to get represented by a lawyer of his own choosing.

"Justice doesn't depend on just the APPEARANCE of justice," Garry said.

"In Huey's case I didn't spread myself too thin – they spread me too thin, with all these attacks on the Panthers. The courts are intentionally working with the Federal Government in this. Look at New Orleans."

Huey told the reporters: "I'm concerned with the Soledad case ... the ten brothers ... and I'm asking the people to support them.

"I'm also concerned with New Orleans. We are planning a march and demonstration there. The Governor of Louisiana threatened to kill David Hilliard and me if we set foot in Louisiana. I was born there, and I don't intend to allow anyone to keep me out of my hometown."

He also spoke of the NY Panther 21. "They are guilty of being black and american and trying to institute viable programs in the community."

If the Court's intention was to force Garry to drop any of his work, it appears to have failed.

"What's really bothering them now," Garry said, "is that Huey P. Newton is out on the street, relating to people. That's what they're scared of."

Berkeley Pigs

The Berkeley Police Department, which at one time used to like to call itself the "Domestic Peace Corps" has apparently given up trying to fool people anymore.

The local Gestapo more clearly reveals itself for what it is each day. Buried in the back of last Sunday's Chron-Examiner was the news that the Berkeley police were being supplied with a new, eight-bullet automatic pistol.

According to the pigs' full-time public relations man, Richard Berger, the new pistol is being brought into use for several reasons.

One is that the new weapon, a Smith & Wesson 9 mm. automatic, can fire eight shots before reloading becomes necessary as opposed to the five or six that the standard pig pistol is able to unleash at one time.

Furthermore, Berger gushed to the Examiner, the new gun can safely carry a bullet in the chamber, so that it is ready for instant use. Because the hammer of the pistol automatically returns to the firing position, the new automatic has the "potential" for greater accuracy.

All this, plus the fact that the automatic is clip loaded, adds up to "more firepower" for the pigs, Berger said.

If the phrase "more firepower" sounds familiar to you, it should be. The stupid-ass Amerikan brass in Vietnam have been relying on "more firepower" to try and defeat the Viet Cong for seven years now, and they get their asses whipped every day. Unfortunately, a lot of Vietnamese die while the brass finds out that they are wrong.

The new pistol is especially interesting for those of us who live in Berkeley (unlike the majority of pigs who do not). It means that the pigs will increasingly resort to the use of guns.

Obviously, they are not satisfied with the results that clubbings, beatings, macings, tear-gassings, and shooting with buckshot, birdshot, and wooden pellets have achieved. In fact, their efforts have done nothing but unite the community against them.

Now, backed into a corner, the pigs will begin shooting people down. During the past two months, the pigs have whipped out guns on Telegraph Ave. on several occasions for no reason.

In August, Pig Chris J. Pangatocos, pulled a shotgun on a crowd of people protesting an arrest, although he was in no way threatened. Two weeks ago, a Berkeley Pig, Badge 65, pulled a gun on two members of the Youth Coalition Street Patrol, who were observing a bust, and told them: "I wish you were armed so I could shoot you."

That very same week, when a bonfire was started on Telly in front of the Med, the pigs hauled out shotguns again. You don't have to be very astute to figure out that somebody from the community is going to get shot by a pig soon, who will claim he was "under attack."

Shortly after the Tsukamoto killing, an Avenue pig told a kid on the street: "The next person who gives us any shit is going to get shot," and last week, Berkeley pig no. 127, Jeremiah Shasky, warned another street patrol member, "I'll slit your throat in the next riot."

So the pigs now have more firepower and less brains. They have admitted that they can no longer deal with things in Berkeley, except by shooting people down. Given the verdict in the first Blue Meanie case, they can expect to believe that they can get away with it.

But there is a catch. In fact several catches. One is that automatic pistols sometimes jam, and therefore are considered less reliable than revolvers. Another is that there are automatic pistols like the Browning Hi-Power 9 mm. which have clips that hold thirteen bullets, and many people in Berkeley possess such pistols.

Finally, there is the position of the pig on the street. In reality, he is very vulnerable, once he has aroused the wrath of the armed people. If someone in Berkeley were to be shot and seriously injured or killed by a pig under suspicious circumstances, I for one would not want to be walking around in anything that vaguely resembled a police uniform.

The pigs might believe that they can shoot it out with the people, but they are wrong. There are only 250 of them, but tens of thousands of us.

For those people who are turned off by predictions of this kind, it should be pointed out that this new police weapon went through without the City Council even KNOWING about it. The Council is supposed to set "policy" for the police department ... theoretically.

But as Berkeley has led the way in atomic weapons research, chemical and biological warfare research and foreign counter-insurgency research, it is now the laboratory for domestic counter-insurgency experiments.

If you are tired of being a guinea pig, you can do two things. First, get yourself a gun to defend yourself from the foreign army of occupation, known as the Berkeley Police Department, and secondly, work your ass off for Community Control of Police, so we don't have to wait for our brothers and sisters to be shot down in the streets before the liberals wake up to what is happening here.

James Rector was killed and Allan Blanchard permanently blinded during People's Park, but over 100 other people were shot too. Will it be your turn next?

Domestic 'Piece' Corps

On Trial: Park Defender

The People's Park uprising took place almost a year and a half ago. Nearly a thousand people were busted, but most of the charges were eventually dismissed.

The District Attorney's office however, has not given up. They're still trying to get people on felony charges from People's Park. They haven't been very successful, but they're still trying.

On Tuesday, October 6, Tribe writer Art Goldberg will go on trial in Alameda Superior Court in Oakland for "sixty-nining a campus cop". That is, he is charged with violating Section 69 of the Penal Code.

Section 69 is a resisting arrest charge made into a felony. The DA's office realized that they would get laughed out of court if they tried to prosecute Art on a People's Park resisting arrest in Berkeley, so they hiked the charge into a felony so it could be tried before a county-wide jury in Oakland.

Unfortunately for them, they will have to lie their asses off to make it stick. At the preliminary hearing, Judge Brunn almost laughed the case out of court, but on some strange technicality, sent it up to Oakland.

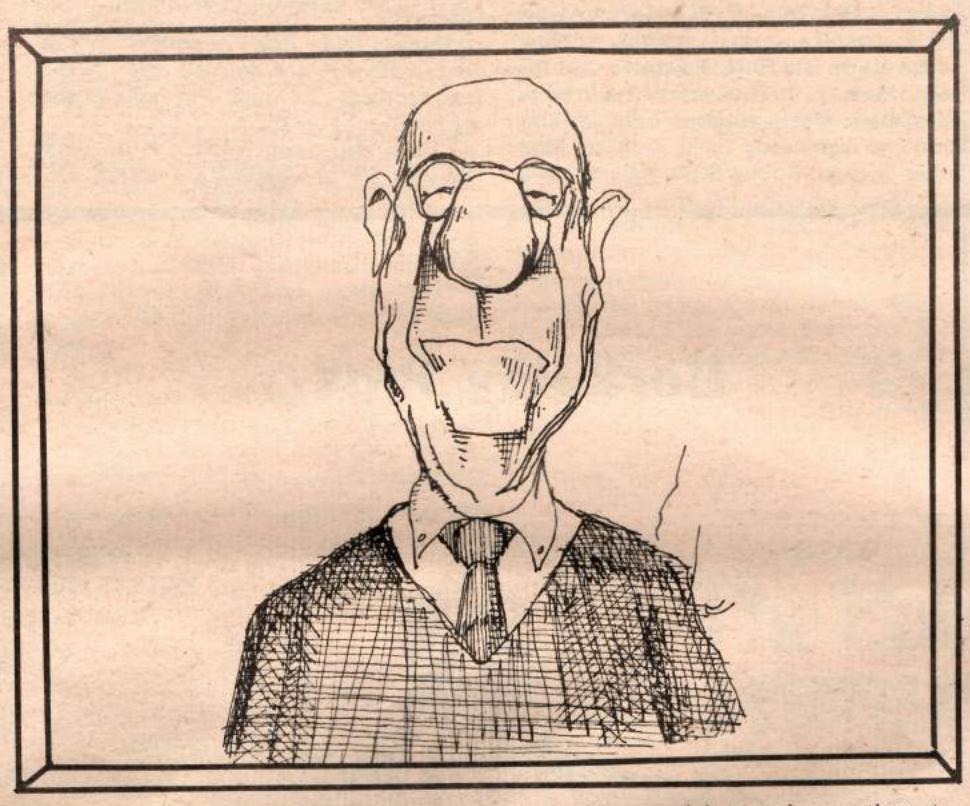
During the eighteen months the case has dragged on, several more contradictions in the police version of the story have come up. Several campus cops will be called to testify for the prosecution. They will be cross-examined by Bob Truehaft, one of the best trial lawyers in the Bay Area.

If you'd like to see some campus pigs get their asses whipped on the witness stand, come on down to the Alameda County Courthouse, beginning Tuesday, at about 10 a.m.

The case is in Department Five, but will probably be switched to another courtroom. Call the Tribe for the latest courtroom info if you would like to relive the thrilling, tear-gass filled days of People's Park.

If you come in when Officers Schneider, Poithier, Luddin or Glover are testifying you might think they're talking about something that took place in Jordan last week, but be patient, some semblance of what happened during People's Park will come out when the defense puts on its case.

PROBATION



Dear Brothers and Sisters,

A few words of introduction: My name is Sharon Damron. I spent five years working for the Alameda County Probation Department. I was paid a comfortable salary to be a "human garbage collector", a Probation Officer.

My job consisted of processing 17 to 20 men per month who had copped pleas or been found guilty by Judge or Jury of offenses ranging from possession of pot to rape, armed robbery, etc. Crimes of property committed by the poor and possession of Marijuana, an "offense" of the young, comprised the bulk of my caseload. It became apparent very quickly that the poor and the blacks in particular were again the primary "consumers" of the "servies."

The children of the poor, black and white are frequently sent to state institutions rather than "good" private institutions or foster homes (this was especially true about Black children). I recall with special anger my attempts to find a well-equipped and therapeutic private placement for a 12 year-old Black boy in desperate need of specialized help (he refused to talk for 3 months, stole money and buried it under bridges and daily filled his room with urine and excrement). Nothing was available for him because of his color. This boy is now 15 years of age and an habitual resident of California Youth Authority Institutions. If this boy had been white and the son of middle-class parents with money to buy the system off and hire lawyers to intimidate the timid civil servant who ordinarily processes the children of the poor, this child would most assuredly never have seen the inside of a public institution.

There are no words to express with precision the devastating effect of the well fed middle class "garbage collectors" "treating" the children of the poor. The existence of an amoral bureaucracy which grinds out human debris with alacrity and without a backward glance will continue to grind out such wreckage until a united community demands access to and control of its own social Institutions, or better yet sets up competing alternatives to keep juveniles from the clutches of the "professional garbage collectors."

After three years of "reality therapy" and a year's absence from the department I returned, under court order, to the bosom of the bureaucracy (pardon gentle readers, I meant to say sagging tits). I was assigned as a "garbage collector" for the Adult Male Investigation Unit of the Probation Department.

Some of my former fellow probation officers believe that jail time builds character, while others believe that the invliction of socially sanctioned abuse is a necessary part of the "rehabilitation" process. These attitudes, practices and logistical problems such as unwieldy caseloads are skillfully hidden from public view. The Probation Department, part of a failing and self-perpetuating system remains aloof from assessment by the community it was supposedly designed to serve.

In the course of my duties, I was assigned the supervision of a man who was a veteran of Youth Authority INstitutions and who had plead guilty to a heavy felony. Chuck was placed under my supervision and given 52 weekends to serve at Santa Rita. He was also ordered to make restitution in excess of 2,000 dollars. As Chuck and I became better acquainted, he began talking about conditions in the weekend barrack at Santa Rita. He told me about filthy mattresses, a paucity of blankets, and the willful turning off of heat in the winter, an unprovoked punishment by sheriff's Department staff. When we concluded the discussion of conditions, Chuck wrote down his complaints and gave them to me. I wrote a memorandum to the Chief Probation Officer, James Callahan, and included Chuck's written statements. I requested that the Chief Probation Officer review the complaints with the Sheriff in an attempt to rectivy the physical deficiencies enumerated in Chuck's statement.

Callahan handled the situation by turning my memorandum and Chuck's written statement over to the staff at Santa Rita, via the Assistant Chief, Robert Shaner. The following weekend Chuck spent the weekend in Graystone as punishment for being a trouble-maker.

He was never given formal reasons for this punishment. Subsequent to this episode, I made a formal request of the court that Chuck be allowed to spend his weekends in another county jail as he appeared to be in some danger at Santa Rita. The court initially granted this request but rescinded the order 12 hours later subsequent to a telephone call from the Sheriff to the judge. I was informed of this reversal 9 days after the order was withdrawn by the court.

Chuck returned to Santa Rita after this episode. He became a member of the Bay Area Council for Jail Reform which I helped to organize after giving up entirely on the system as a viable avenue for necessary change. Later, with other Council members, Chuck testified before the Grand Jury Subcommittee on Santa Rita. Several weeks subsequent to his testimony, the Sheriff's Department issued a five page "report" to the court, alleging that Chuck was involved in smuggling narcotics into Santa Rita while serving weekends. While the Sheriff's Office stated that none of the allegations could be proven, they reccommended revocation of Chuck's probation. The court, however has as yet not seen fit to revoke probation. However, in July I learned that the District Attorney is urging revocation of Chuck's probation as he does not appear "able" to make restitution. Meanwhile, back at the Probation Department, Chuck's new probation officer is attempting to transfer Chuck's supervision to Stanislaus County where he is presently residing with the recommendation that probation be terminated and a one year jail sentence be imposed.

The Sheriff's Department and the District Attorney seem to be trying very hard to bury Chuck, while the probation department searches for the easiest way out of an uncomfortable situation. Malicious intent, bureaucratic inertia and fear of public exposure are the characteristics of the kind of pernicious system which conspires to silence people like Chuck and you and me as well, if we become too troublesome.

I could go on and on, but those of us who have stopped long enough to listen, know much more than can be told here. I could with clenched fists dexcribe the inequities of a bail system which bleeds the poor and coerces them into pleading guilty to extricate themselves from the snake pit called Graystone; but I must stop here. What is written after this must be written in the actions of a united citizenry.

I would only tell you that NEW JUVENILE HALLS, COUNTY JAILS ARE BEING BUILT. PROBATION "SERVICES" WILL EXPAND WITHOUT GIVING SERVICE. The basic dehumanizing character of these "social" institutions will not change. For this reason, I can raise my voice with urgency and cry out "POWER TO THE PEOPLE" because it is the only way out . . .

–Sharon Damron
Chairman, Bay Area Council
for Jail Reform
P.O. Box 494, Berkeley

JOHN

John (Dirty Old Man) DeBonis, Berkeley's own Law n' Order freak doesn't even know the fucking law he's always yapping about!

Mad, mad John got slapped down in Municipal Court Wednesday, when a judge ruled that Laura Woodman, an 18-year-old girl DeBonis got busted for panhandling several weeks ago, had not done anything illegal, and dismissed the case against her.

The judge's ruling came right after a very subdued DeBonis stepped off the witness stand. He was the only prosecution witness, and was barely recognizable.

Not once during his testimony did the notorious right-wing yippie wave an American flag, wish out loud that he had a gun so he could shoot the audience, or rant and fume in his best City Council style.

He was nervous as hell, and his voice was so low that you could barely hear him. Many of the jurors had their hands held across their mouths so they could stop themselves from smiling or laughing out loud, as the crazy man testified.

John said that he was on his way to pick up his car from a garage when Laura came up to him on Durant and Shattuck and said, "Mr. could you spare some change? I just lost my job and I'm hungry."

DeBonis, who lives at 1840 Capistrano Ave. and who says he has lived in Berkeley since 1915, responded by asking Laura what she had under the folded up poncho she was holding in front of her.

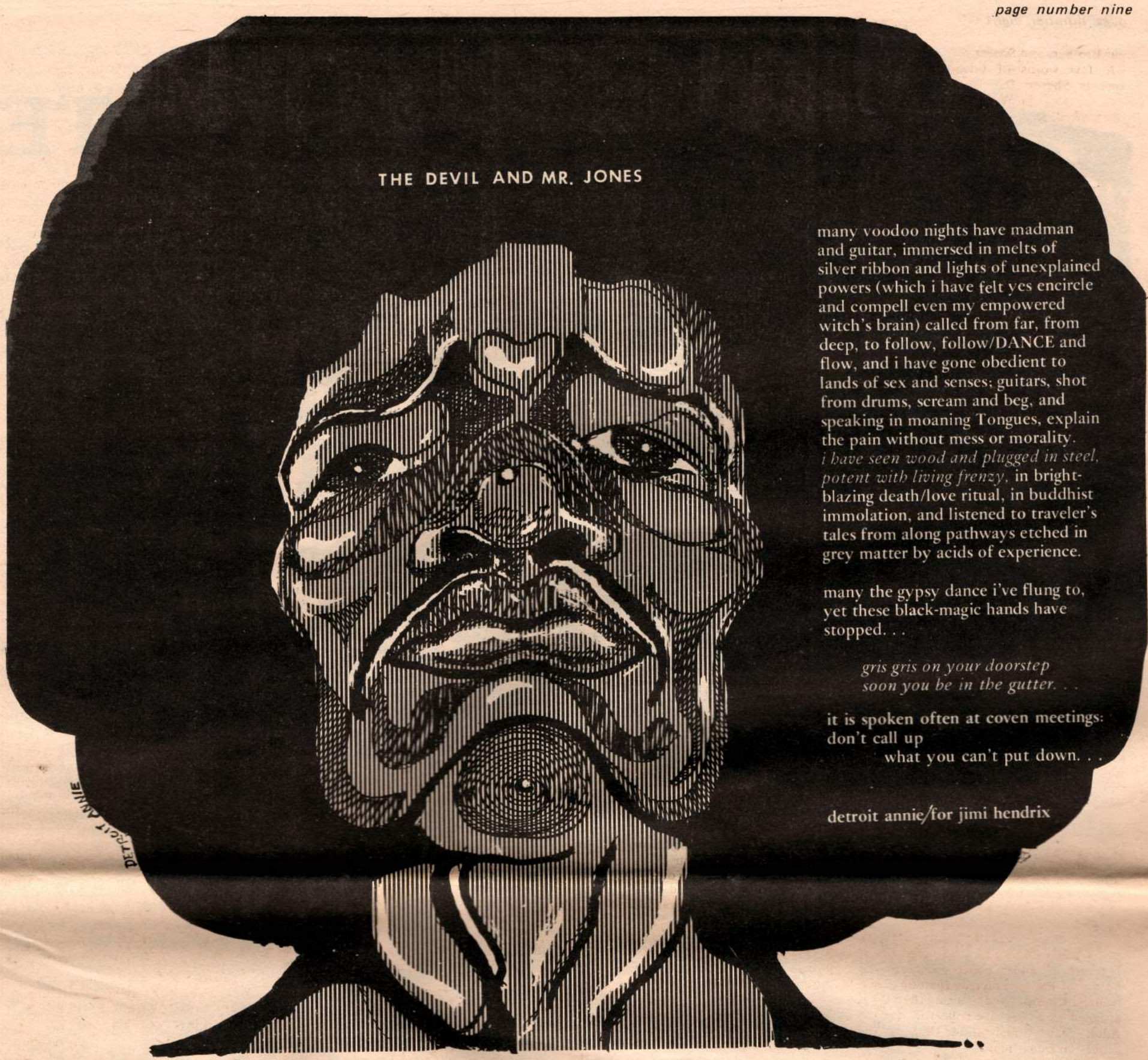
"Nothing," Laura said, and showed him. DeBonis, according to his own testimony, then asked her to repeat what she had asked him. She did. DeBonis then went apeshit.

"Honey, you never had a job. Where do you live? you should be at home with your mother, and wear skirts and go to parties and get married."

When Laura refused to give DeBonis her mother's phone number in Chicago, he went and got a cop, and got Laura busted for panhandling. The pig was very careful not to sign the complaint himself, and DeBonis went down to the pig station the next day to sign the complaint personally.

Meanwhile Laura had to spend the night in jail. She was bailed out by the

THE DEVIL AND MR. JONES



many voodoo nights have madman
and guitar, immersed in melts of
silver ribbon and lights of unexplained
powers (which i have felt yes encircle
and compell even my empowered
witch's brain) called from far, from
deep, to follow, follow/DANCE and
flow, and i have gone obedient to
lands of sex and senses; guitars, shot
from drums, scream and beg, and
speaking in moaning Tongues, explain
the pain without mess or morality.
i have seen wood and plugged in steel,
potent with living frenzy, in bright-
blazing death/love ritual, in buddhist
immolation, and listened to traveler's
tales from along pathways etched in
grey matter by acids of experience.

many the gypsy dance i've flung to,
yet these black-magic hands have
stopped. . .

gris gris on your doorstep
soon you be in the gutter. . .

it is spoken often at coven meetings:
don't call up
what you can't put down. . .

detroit annie/for jimi hendrix

"DA BONE" DEBONI$

Free Church and the Tribe.

Laura's lawyer, Paul Rein asked DeBonis what his motive was in getting Laura busted.

"I was trying to help her," DeBonis replied.

"By getting her sent to jail?" Rein asked, but the judge ruled that DeBonis didn't have to answer.

"Didn't you also call Laura a hippie and a tramp?" Rein asked.

"No, No, No." mad John said, his voice almost down to a whisper.

"Didn't you tell her that no decent man would ever marry her?"

"No, No," DeBonis replied defensively.

"You only have to answer the question once," Rein told him.

"If a man dressed in a business suit came up to you and asked you for some change would you try to have him arrested?" Rein asked.

The judge ruled the question out.

"Well, if Mayor Johnson came up to you and asked you for a nickel for the parking meter, would you have him arrested?"

"I might give Mayor Johnson a nickel," DeBonis conceded.

Rein also brought out the fact that DeBonis had gotten ahold of Laura's mother's address (from the pigs) and written a scare letter to her warning her that her daughter was in imminent danger from DOPE, RAPE AND DISEASE, (DeBonis capitalized these words) if she remained in Berkeley.

Rein used the letter to show that DeBonis' real aim was to get young people driven out of Berkeley, and that he was using Laura as a scapegoat for his own political purposes. Mad John claimed the letter was apologetic. "This whole thing should never have come to trial," he said, indirectly admitting his whole purpose was to contribute to the hysteria campaign the pigs are waging against young people.

Actually, the DA had offered to dismiss the case if Laura would sign a release saying she wouldn't sue. Laura refused to sign the waiver, and now can legally sue DeBonis. She says, however, that she probably won't bother.

"He's just crazy and neurotic," she said after the trial. "It's none of his business what I wear, or what I do. It's nobody's business."

Laura said the bust actually kept her in Berkeley a lot longer than she was planning to stay. "I was going to go back a few days after I came here, but I had to wait around for the trial," she said.

She's now planning to go back to Chicago for a few months, then come back here to live.

Rein, in his cross-examination, asked DeBonis about statements he gave to the press. DeBonis was quoted by the Oakland Tribune as saying he busted Laura to save her from "vultures" who are constantly preying on Berkeley.

"I never did meet any vultures in the month and a half I've been here," Laura said afterwards. A reporter asked her what her reaction was when DeBonis started screaming at her.

"I was sort of scared," she said. He was weird. I didn't know who he was. I thought he was a dirty old man of some sort."

The case was finally decided on the legalism that the law reads that one isolated act of panhandling does not constitute "begging" and that in order to get a conviction, the DA would have to show at least two instances of panhandling or a consistent pattern of panhandling. Since John, was his only witness he was up the creek.

The case was presided over by Judge William Phelps from Shasta County, who is down here because of the tremendous number of cases the Berkeley pigs have been bringing to court lately in their war on the Youth Community. Most probably, none of the local judges would have had the guts to throw the case out like he did.

Even if he didn't throw it out, it seemed unlikely that the jury, with two artists, one a long-haired, bearded freak, and two blacks, would ever convict Laura on the testimony of DeBonis.

If nothing else, the case revealed the perverted aspirations of John DeBonis. In the letter he wrote to Laura's mother, he referred to himself as the "Spiro Agnew" of Berkeley."

—A.G.

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SUBTER

by Calamity Jane

I have just finished spending the summer in jail. It could be any big city, could have been any demonstration/riot I was sentenced to 90 days for. Could be any jail.

Jail is a very educational experience, especially for young white freeks trying to grow into revolutionaries. Although by the end of the summer, I'd had quite enough of THAT kind of education, thank you, I learned a lot there. For one thing, it's the first time I've ever lived in the Black colony. Most big city jails are black – the one I was in is about 90% black. I'd gotten so used to living there that I still find it a bit weird being with white people again, with freeks who just don't know the jail experience.

The jail I was in has a lot of people in for junk and prostitution. People come and get out again real quickly – there's a very high turnover. There were only a few of us doing time – mostly under six

WIDE AWAKE

The California Men's Colony — East, at San Luis Obispo, California is sick. It suffers from a terminal disease: a form of cancer that spreads from the sickest cells (institution staff) to the weaker cells (prisoners) — who are the victims of a social process of anemia. Their life blood is sucked under the auspices of religionists and pseudo - educationists under capitalist - madness through aphidious agents in blue suits and black gowns.

It is the duty and function of KMK-E to infect these unfortunates and return them to the BIG YARD, i.e. the so-called free world, where freedom of madness is rampant, where all anti-life things in froms subtle and not are free, and thus cancerously infected, perform their strategy of gnawing, chewing, grinding, and rawly eating away all that is good in man, all that is natural about sex, all songs that sing a "Yea! I love life" theme, and all that is happiness.

I speak of you, life-hater, with your "progressive perfectionism" motto . . . a euphemism for struggling toward lifelessness . . . your manifested deepest desire is to be non-human while you are still human . . . to be a mind without a body adrift in the cosmos . . . to be alive without life in the eternal void . . . is the void alive? is space really alive? . . . if it is then you are right . . . and I am wrong . . . except that while I AM, I shall not wish to be other . . . and when I grow or decompose I shall be growth or decomposition and not wish to be other.

I can only know such things because such things have been my experience: I awoke one night in the middle of our cultural death-sleep, and what I saw made me cry out. When I cried others stirred in their sleep. The housemaster, frightened lest my crying invite others to cry and awaken all the boarders, had me hustled off with the intention of inducing me to eternal sleep with the magic-tragic pills sorted in abundance at the San Quentin dispensary. Twelve doctors examined me and reported to the head practicioner:

DIAGNOSIS: Patient suffering from an over-abundance of energy and a noteable lack of sleep.

PROGNOSIS: Patent's disease being communicable will develop inexorably into wide spread pandemonium resulting in an epidemic of illumination, causing a clear and present danger to our most cherished way of existence — sleep!

PRESCRIPTION: Patient shall be transferred from the local clinic to the hospital of suffering where he shall be taught the art of sleeping. Upon proof of mastery, before a tribunal, he shall be released on condition that if he so much as stir in his sleep, blink his eyes, or otherwise show signs of life or wakefulness that he shall immediately be returned for the cruel and unusual treatment.

I arrived at the Hospital, screaming with madness, threatening never to go to sleep, and this I did for years until I knew I was definitely awake — then I stopped, wide awake, no longer hollering, but feigning sleep . . . a terrible thing I learned here, trickery, machination . . . I shall walk out of here awake . . . the authorities will say, "Shhh, do not wake him, he is sound asleep . . . CMC-E? Sick? Repressed sexuality? . . . Yes, it is very true.

It is a place where the Catholic Chaplain censors the movies for carnal scenes, where the Protestant Chaplain orders swallows of God's world to be washed from the chapel's overhang with pressure hoses — none of God's creatures are allowed to engage in creation near man's sacred church; where the library stocks four columns of shelves for religion, two for psychology, one half for philosophy, and is guarded by a bearded librarian, an empty shell, never a smile, sick, with no more life than a bearded coconut.

Pseudo-neutral uniforms mouthing racial epithets in quasi-jest, with common smugness approach me in delectable contempt to return a letter:

UNIFORM: "Anyone talk to you about this letter?"

ME: "No. I mailed that to my wife three days ago."

UNIFORM: "You can't mail letters like that to anyone." He delivered the words with pride, and with a face and carriage that said, "Tis only the inferior, the wretched, the profane, who dare make such analysis of their miserable lot, who shame and dishonor the heirs of the human race. You have failed to evolve from pre-Fordian existence of spirit - in - the - flesh feelings for self and kind to our present plateau of spirit - in - the - abstract - mechanistic - sensations for self and kind."

ME: "What's wrong with the letter?"

"Well . . . your obsession with sex there—"

"My obsession—?"

"Yes. You have a hell of a problem — anyone who hates himself that much . . ."

"I got a problem? . . . I HAD a problem!"

"Yes, you have a problem, I read the letter—"

"Well just tell me, do you see anything personally wrong with what I wrote?"

"Yes, and if you don't want a psych jacket hung on you, you better stop writing letters like that."

"For writing the truth? Explaining why I come to hate myself so much because a part of me, the sexual part, was taught to me with guilt and shame? (He nods his head affirmatively) . . . You didn't understand it then!" He withdraws his smug face from my cell, still oozing superiority. It's sick motherfuckers like him, I'm thinking to myself, with a hatred for such a beautiful expression as sex . . . repressed sonofabitch! (my mind is exploding with rage) . . . that have caused so many people like myself to suffer from the powerful force of sex instead of living it joyously.

I stared at the uniform in a state of wonder: you grown fool! He, he gives me a look that says that lingering on the thoughts of sex — as expressed in the letter — would dishonor him.

"I'm going to see somebody about this," I said. "I'm going to mail this letter to my wife — there's nothing wrong with it." Just something wrong with sick, sexually repressed bastards like you, I said to myself. Yeah, you frighten me, you stir the force of the cosmos in me into a maelstrom of violence . . . I am seriously frightened of thefeelings your madness evokes . . . feelings that want to overwhelm me and loose themselves upon your detestable windows of hate, yes hate, your hatred of life, it's so obvious, and smash them into unidentifiable matter . . . but I am frightened, I am in the enemy camp, the authority is a tyrant foaming with blind madness . . . I can't reach him . . . not with earthiness, peoplish humanness, nor with intelligent dialogue . . . I am frightened that if I smash they will smash — no, worse, they will destroy me, exemplify me, hang me on their billboard, exploit my cry of "viva la vida" as a death cry of insanity . . . a prisoner gone berserk . . . out of his mind . . . gas him . . . stomp on him, beat the life out of him . . . kick it, stab it, beat it, shoot it out of him . . . utterly destroy it, box it, bury it . . . and now let us get on with this "business" called life . . .

You see, I wanted to retch . . . but I'll walk out awake — wide awake!

—A. Huemann

As we mentioned last week over 800 prisoners in jails across the nation are now receiving the Tribe. These subscriptions are sent to them FREE.

We expect to continue sending news of the movement outside to our brothers and sisters inside POW camps. But we can't do it alone.

The Tribe's financial situation has long been precarious. But now we're BROKE. To continue to serve the people in Amerika's jails we need help.

We would like for people in the community to help us share this heavy expense. Please send contributions to the Berkeley Tribe, P.O. Box 9043, Berkeley, Calif.

RANEAN JAILSICK BLUES

months. It was hard, but it's not penitentiary, where people are in for years. The matrons there were not pigs – they were just black women from the community, and with the exception of the head matron were pretty good people. This varies from place to place – like where I was where I was first busted they were total sadists, and mostly white – but here people related to them almost like mothers.

And being in jail with women is very different than what men go through. I've talked with a lot of brothers who've spent time in jail, and they were always giving me dire warnings about how much I'd have to fight just to survive. It really wasn't like that – it's not that the sisters weren't tough, or that heavy tensions didn't exist due to racism and the oppressive situation we were all in – it's just that they didn't have this whole trip of fighting to prove their manhood. I think it speaks a lot about male-female roles in Amerika that women survive imprisonment much better than men. The emphasis was on people helping each other out, not fucking each other over. It was also easier for us than it is for many white people because the other prisoners dug what we were in for – white women doing time for beating on pigs – so they didn't just see us as honkies, though there were definite tensions, because the jail tried to set us apart and give us more privileges, etc.

One of the main reasons I'd have to fight and prove myself a tough motherfucker, men told me, was so I wouldn't get gangbanged (taken advantage of sexually) by the other inmates. That was total jive! For one thing, women just do not rape each other! (Or rape men, for that matter.) Homosexuality in jail was something that women got into to survive, something to build warmth and human closeness. Because most people were in for such a short time, not many got into it. But those who did didn't force it on anyone – they relied on cooperation, not coercion. When two women started making it, they became a couple, and other people would cover for them – no hassle, no putdown or anything like that. Some people were already into it before they came in, especially prostitutes, which I can understand because the only way men related to them was as a cunt, not as any kind of human being at all.

There was a lot of shit in that jail though. It came more from the nature of that institution than the individuals who worked there – at least that's how it was in the women's section, it probably was harder on the men. It was an unstated purpose of the institution, like all institutions in this country, to break the people's spirits, break their will to fight. The best example I can think of is this woman I knew, a really strong, together person I dug a lot. She was just finishing a 90 day sentence for shoplifting, and she was all excited about going home – her old lady was coming to get her, she was giving everyone her address, she was finally going home. She got as far as the front gate when ZAP! "Honey, you ain't going nowhere." The pigs had held a warrant for violation of probation the whole time she was in, and then chosen to spring it on her just as she was leaving. They took her over to the county jail, and I never saw her again. That kind of shit happens all the time, and I really think it's calculated. I mean, just how much can people take before they explode (and are promptly sent down to the penitentiary) or break or become so caught up in bitterness that it all seems hopeless? People have an incredible will to fight that's really beautiful, and black people have been fighting for their survival for 400 years. It scares the shit out of the Man – he can't understand it, and he does everything in his power to destroy it. → PG. 23

BUSTED

You're on the street, or in your car, or in your house. And the cops start to hassle you — push you around a little bit, threaten you and act tough, and you're scared. You don't know your rights, you don't know the law, and you're not exactly sure what to say. The cops know that and that's one of the reasons that they can intimidate you.

KNOW THE LAW, KNOW YOUR RIGHTS, AND KNOW THE POLICE. Be cool, be confident, and remember that "an unarmed people is subject to slavery at any given moment."

ON THE STREET AND HASSLED BY THE COPS

1. If the police ask you for identification, YOU ARE REQUIRED TO IDENTIFY YOURSELF.
2. THE COPS CAN LEGALLY PAT YOU DOWN for weapons because you could be a threat to their immediate safety. UNLESS THEY FEEL AN OBJECT THAT COULD BE A WEAPON, THEY CANNOT GO THROUGH YOUR POCKETS, without arresting you first.
3. You also may be expected to ACCOUNT FOR YOUR PRESENCE. Without going into a long explanation, you should do so.
4. If the cops continue to ask questions, you should say, "AM I UNDER ARREST?"
5. If they say yes, you should say, "WHAT ARE THE CHARGES?" The police are required to tell you the charges.
6. If they say no, but continue to ask questions, you should say, "I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY UNTIL I TALK TO MY LAWYER." (Even if you don't have one yet.)
7. If the police bust you, they are entitled to search you. If you are NOT under arrest and they search you, you should say, "I DO NOT CONSENT TO A SEARCH." Get witnesses that hear you say that.
8. The police might warn you of your rights, like the right to remain silent. They might try to get you to sign a paper saying that they told you your rights, but NEVER SIGN ANYTHING. You do not have to sign anything, and you should continue to refuse.
9. Don't act suspicious or be a wiseass or the police will try and bust you on something. Your attitude makes a difference, so be cool.
10. NEVER CONFESS TO ANYTHING.
11. REMEMBER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS; GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE COPS AND GET THEIR BADGE NUMBERS.

(What people could be busted on: Misdemeanor;

Using o-scene language in the presence of women and children.

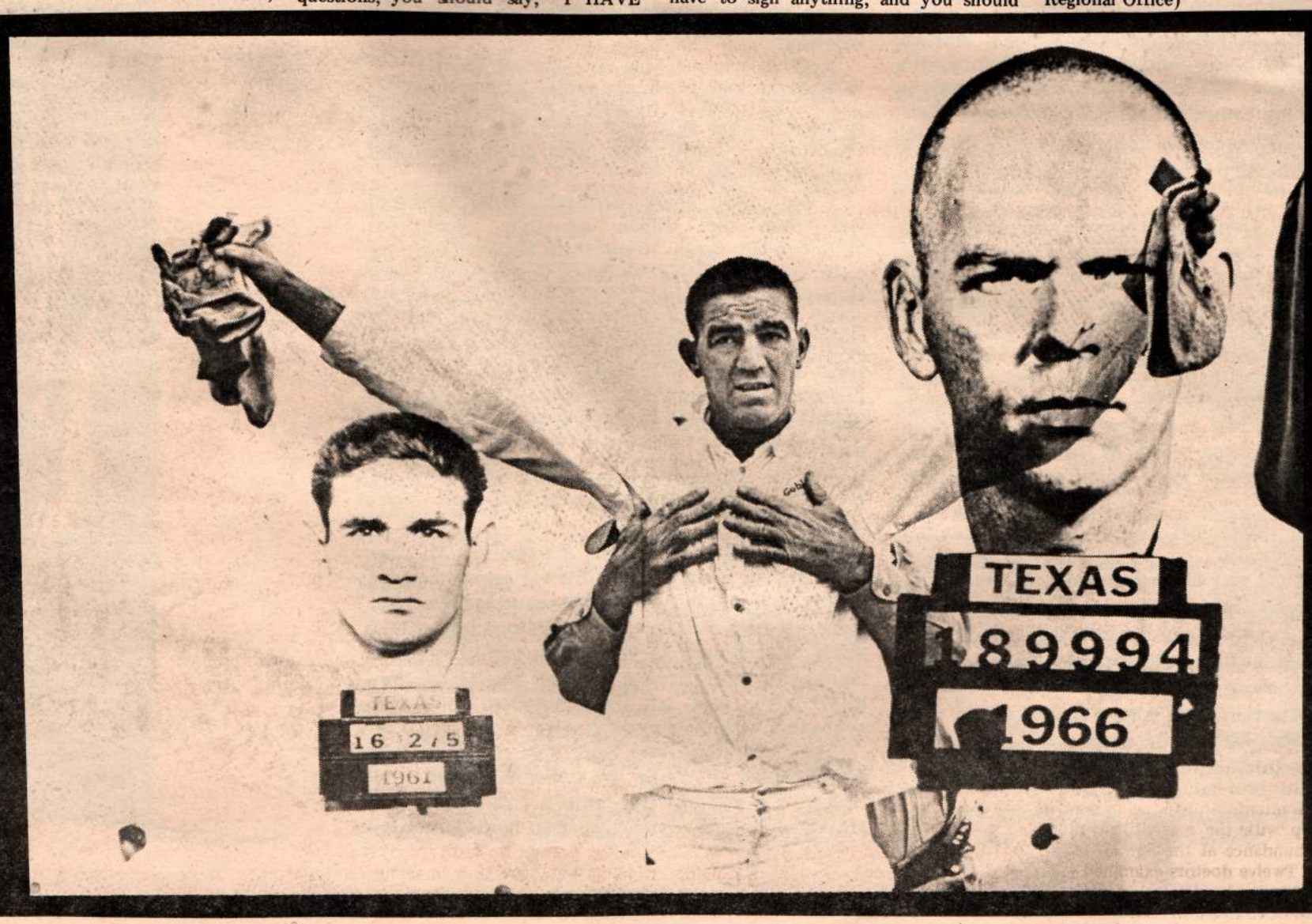
Disturbing the peace.

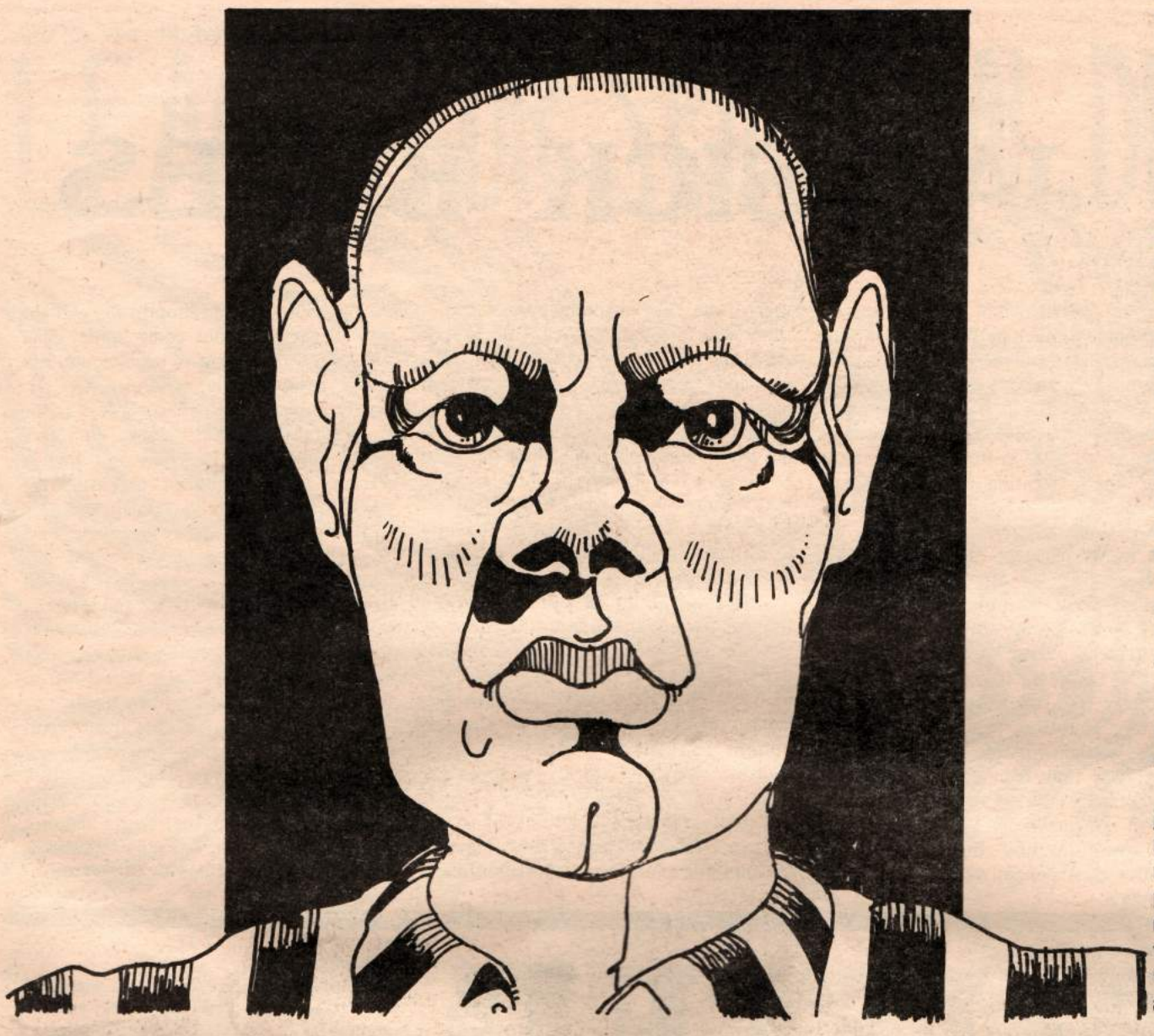
Failure to identify yourself.

Disorderly conduct (Penal code 647e).

Loitering in the street without any reason or business.

(Excerpted from KMPX radio spot by the Bay Area National Lawyer's Guild Regional Office)





George Jackson talks

]George Jackson, one of the Soledad Brothers will soon stand trial for his life along with two other Black prisoners, John Clutchette and Fleeta Drumgo. They have been charged with the execution of a guard at Soledad Prison.

Last month Jonathan Jackson, George's brother, was killed by police following the kidnapping of a judge in Marin. The judge was to have been held in exchange for the release of the Soledad Brothers.

The following interview with George Jackson was from WILDCAT, a Bay Area rank and file labor newspaper.[

Jackson: (Jonathan's) whole operation was aimed at the destruction of institutional prestige... I don't interpret it as in any way individualistic. ... There really wasn't but one way for the pigs to stop the operation and that was to kill the judge, and of course Jonathan must have gone in there with the impression that the police would at least have some respect for the judge's life—the judge was a chairman of the Republican Central Committee. And of course there were several other people who would serve to dissuade gunfire.

Wildcat: What was the effect of the action inside prison walls?

Jackson: It was electric. Everybody related to it. The logic behind it was perfect. I think, probably, Jonathan and James (McClain), both at one point thought of the possibility of one guard starting to shoot and then all the other guards chiming in with their conditioned reflexes. But that was the element of chance — beyond that there was no chance.

With the hostage game it depends on keeping the hostage alive. As long as you keep the hostage alive it can be assumed that the pigs are going to have some regard for life and you should be able to walk him right to Chile along the Intercontinental highway.

Wildcat: When did you become political?

Jackson: When I first arrived early in 1960. In Soledad during this time there was the Cuban Revolution. Castro had just taken over and declared himself.

I was upset, angry, confused. What I noticed was that the Cuban situation upset the authoritarian types — the little Nazi cliques, the bulls, the pigs. I read the things in the media about proletarian socialism but I had no real sense of the thing. I started reading in that area because of the attitudes of these guards and the authoritarian types in the joint toward the Cuban Revolution. I thought that if they felt that it was harmful and detrimental to them that it just might possibly be good for me.

Wildcat: How about this black-white thing and the way prison authorities try to keep the convict population split.

Jackson: It's the control mechanism. To start off with, it's almost impossible for a small knot of guards to hold down 5 or 6 thousand men without some kind of divisive tactics. The pigs here aren't intelligent enough to use these tactics but the lieutenants, the captain and the warden — they know. It's part of their standard operating procedure, their modus operandi.

They use the race issue like they use the homosexuals to divide the convicts. We've been making the attempt (for form a coalition of race groups) all along. Since I've been here there have been small groups and individuals attempting to counteract the divisive tactics of the police here. They just haven't been successful, until recently. The reason for the recent success is due to outside support and attention that revolutionary circles are giving men in prison.

Wildcat: How much effect has this outside support had for the men inside.

Jackson: It's had a profound effect on the efforts to unite the prison population. The blacks have recently veered away from the nationalistic thing, the Muslim ideology.

In the early sixties, when I first came to the joint, the blacks were to some extent responsible for the racism because we leveled both barrels at the white convicts. Of course we didn't initiate it — we merely responded. Responded in a way that precluded any unity. But recently, since Huey Newton, Bobby Seale and the black leftists have come in here from the community it has been reflected right here in the joint. It's gone from just brother to comrade and from black to just people. The white convicts have stopped feeling threatened and they're able to respond to the new approach. Add that to the fact that all convicts are intelligent enough to see the advantages of working together.

Wildcat: You received your H.S. diploma here: what do you think about the concept of rehabilitation as practiced in Calif. prisons.

Jackson: Rehabilitation — the whole concept is just a word and has a lot to do with public relations. Actually, it really means breaking a man, making a man accustomed to restraint. The real purpose behind making a man accustomed to restraint is preparing him for the life he is expected to lead when he hits the streets. Now you can call it rehabilitation but I think it involves restraining an individual rather than reorienting him.

The educational facilities here and in all the other joints usually will accomodate no more than perhaps one-eighth of the prison population. In any case the purely academic stuff is right on a par with the mission schools in Rhodesia and Angola. The stuff they teach is outright nationalistic propaganda. I got kicked out of two or three of the classes. Eventually I ended up buying my high school diploma (1967).

Wildcat: Could you go into the period of time just before you got busted ten years ago?

Jackson: I learned something about butchering

and meat cutting knives when I was doing time as a Y.A. (prior to his robbery arrest at the age of eighteen George did time in a Youth Authority institution) in Tracy.

When I got out I did try to work but just before I got arrested I had gotten laid off on two jobs. I just didn't like that type of work — it just didn't fit my disposition. I had been trained in boning and meat cutting but on the first job I had they put me to work unloading these huge carcasses from an overhead pick onto an assemblyline table. Well I quit that job and went to another job with Union Packing Plant. There I worked on a semi-skilled job—all day long I would stand there dicing meat. I quit. One thing led to another and I was right back out on the streets when I got broke.

Wildcat: How does the trial stand now?

Jackson: Are you asking me how being tried in San Diego strikes me? Well we're going to fight it of course, and I've heard that the fight could extend over a period of two or three months. But they want to move it to San Diego. They've got the guns, they've got the disposition and they'll do it if they want to. Drewes (S.F. Superior Court Calendar Judge) reversed himself completely on that particular issue. Two months ago he ruled that he couldn't move the trial out of S.F. Two months ago he stated that it was up to the defense to ask for a change of venue. And that makes me feel that sitting there in court and watching things going on — it makes me feel that I'm betraying myself and the people I believe in and who believe in me.

I don't recognize their authority over me, but my lawyers contend that's not the proper procedure and that this view would isolate me further from potential jurors. . . .

To get back to Jonathan Jackson and the August 7 movement, everybody in prison identified with it. I think that this incident did more to solidify the unity effort than anything that's ever happened in the past nine or ten years. I'm not concerned with the opinion of the people who are tied into the establishment. I'm concerned with the opinion of the people who say they identify with the revolution. And we do have people of the liberal-left who condemn these types of military activity.

I'd like to emphasize here that if it's just violence they condemn I state that there's violence and there's violence. There's productive violence and there's counterproductive violence. Carefully

planned, staged and ordered political attacks are part of revolution. The people's demands can only be imposed with some type of violence. If we are going to support the people's demands, selective, organized, minimal level violence is preferable to letting things go completely out of control.

Violence tied into an exact political purpose is the minimum people must support if we're going to win the revolution. We can't organize the first stage guerrilla operations right now, but there is a need for revolutionary aggressiveness, and that implies violence.

The point that Che Guevara made and the point that Angela made: there is the cultural aspect of revolution but it has to be tied right into the struggle. The actual displacing of the individuals and the class that oppresses us is fine when it is organized and to the point — it is responsive to the rest of the society.

I think that Jonathan understood that an attack on the last institution that the establishment uses to contain revolutionary violence — that an attack on the prestige of these institutions was necessary before people could accept revolution. He was in the vanguard — that was his job, the vanguard.

Wildcat: Could you go into some detail about the late August rebellion in San Quentin.

Jackson: The rebellion was an effort on the part of the convicts to gain more control over our lives. There were between 22 to 2500 black, white and Mexican-American convicts who were involved. Two hours after the thing ended they transported Warren Wells (a member of the Black Panther Party convicted last year of attempted murder in connection with the 1967 shootout in which Bobby Hutton was murdered by the Oakland Police Department) and one white and one Mexican out of the prison. These were the fastest transfers I've ever seen; I've never seen anything happen like that.

During the thing, Warren made some speeches along with a couple of other guys. The pigs sallied out with tear gas and the convicts threw it back at them. Some shots were fired — that's not unusual, they fire at us all the time. I've had shots hit the wall behind me only a couple of inches from my face — that's happened several times but I've been really lucky.

Nolen wasn't so lucky [W.L. Nolen was one of the three blacks murdered by a Soledad guard on January 13 this year. Politically active at Soledad, Nolen sent a letter to his family only two weeks before his death warning them that prison officials meant to kill him]. Nolen was a beautiful individual. He was a revolutionary in the true sense of the word. I mean a revolutionary suited to the modern industrial state. We were together all along — although he came in after I'd been here. We were in the same study groups.

He was the victim of a hundred vicious racist attacks leveled at him by prison officials but through other convicts, convicts who cooperate with prison guards. Generally that's the way they do it. But when the convicts can't handle it then they handle it themselves like they did with Nolen. The thing with Nolen is that in spite of the attacks leveled at him by other convicts he never stopped fighting. . . When you are the victim of these kind of racist attacks from all sides like he was, usually you withdraw, but not him. . .

At one point I felt that it was impossible for white people to ever accept real socialism, or to accept the idea that the United States just had to be brought to its knees. So I would just withdraw. I didn't withdraw from revolution but I withdrew whenever it was possible from working with whites. I don't believe that that's true now. Maybe I never believed it. You just have to keep on trying. Nolen did. He was a physically strong brother. He was a boxer inside. He'd win all the fights. They could send convicts armed against him and he'd win. After he'd win he'd go right back to his cell and continue. He just couldn't be disturbed. You know, they had to get him.

Wildcat: How do you analyze the prior inability of the convicts to achieve racial unity?

Jackson: The whites were threatened and we were threatened — we were just at each other's throats. It was a question of circumstances beyond our control. I think we all understood what was happening — I know I understood it all along — that it was really a case of the prison administration using convicts to strengthen and maintain their own position. But what could I do? It was all I could do to stay alive. For example, the prison authorities would make the 'mistake' every now and then of opening the doors of white convicts at the same time that we were on the tier. And they would attack us. That's the stupid, silly infantile way they would use to get us.

LEAGUE FOR SPIRITUAL DISCOVERY II

End of Summer. End of a long hot month. The dry season.
It ends, as the poet said, with a whimper.
What is there to put together?
What is there to say?
Hendrix is dead and the culture is, ultimately, cynical.
The movement is in a slumber.
The other side has guns.
Some still believe in violent revolution but most believe nothing and hold out for the good times which become increasingly elusive.
Leary's letter sings of the war that is upon us, the Middle East flares like a brief shining rocket, but both lapse back into the silence of last weeks' news.
Unruh is running against Reagan and no one could care less.
The very earth we ravage rises up and screams its protest.
Fires illuminate the sky.
The headlines call it a holocaust.

* * *

There is not now, and maybe never was, a Woodstock Nation.
As the culture loses its ability to transform people, people lose the ability to transform each other.
If we find it hard to actively dislike each other we are finding it even harder to like each other.
We are still strangers in a very strange land.

* * *

Where are you from?

I am an Amerikan.
I am a man/woman/child without a country.
Sometimes I say hello.
Sometimes, good-bye.

* * *

Every home in Berkeley says PEACE but the war goes on and the war is shit.
There is a movement, a migration, to the country.
Back to the land. Mother Earth.
The earth giveth and the earth taketh away.
If Amerika could it would let the sun shine on it all the time and let the rest of the world live in darkness.
The dark side of the world is becoming increasingly explosive.
Its still a long way from anywhere.
Spiro Agnew calls for discipline in the father country, the land of the blind.
As discipline (Amerikan-Way-Of-Life) breaks down, more and more people are crushed under the debris.
But not people like Spiro Agnew.
People like Bobby Seale.
And people you've never heard of.
Casualties of war.
The men who issue the clarion call for the Amerikan way of life become increasingly isolated from even the buttons they push.
For the time being, they are safe from the consequences they create.
Other people aren't.
We aren't.
Increasingly, we become consumed by our own energy, and our own oppression.
Sometimes, its very subtle.
You know? Sometimes I feel like a motherless man-child.
(Rock music will never be our salvation. It too sinks into the swamp of over-consumption).

Sometimes there are poets.
The visionaries survive, and the children will too.
Such is the simple power of the message they live.
The rest of us try to learn how to use what we have to get what we need.

* * *

A confession. I am finding it harder and harder to take anything seriously.
The free food, free music, free everything broadcast is jammed by the Voice of Amerika. Static issues uncontrolably from our voice-boxes.

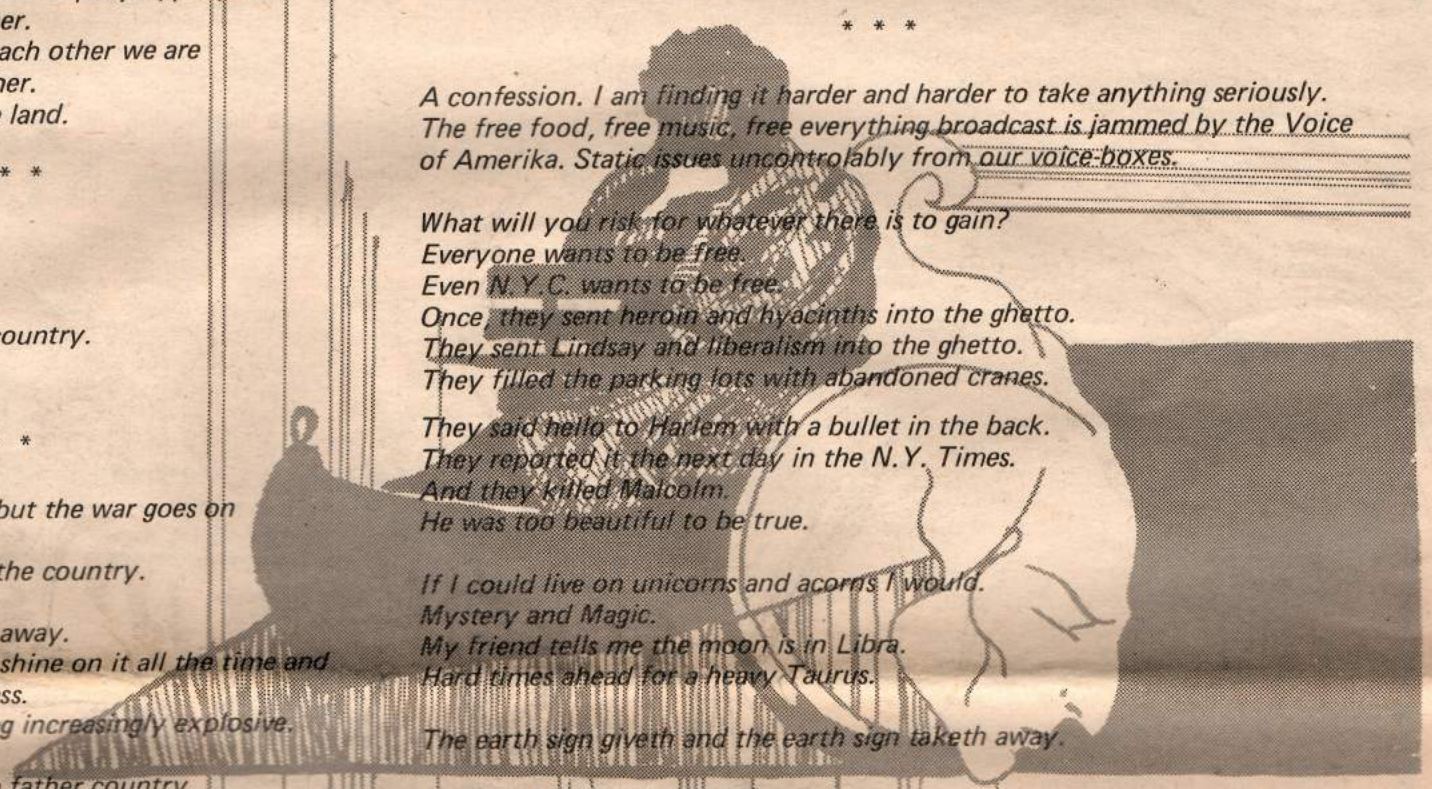
What will you risk for whatever there is to gain?
Everyone wants to be free.
Even N.Y.C. wants to be free.
Once, they sent heroin and hyacinths into the ghetto.
They sent Lindsay and liberalism into the ghetto.
They filled the parking lots with abandoned cranes.

They said hello to Harlem with a bullet in the back.
They reported it the next day in the N.Y. Times.
And they killed Malcolm.
He was too beautiful to be true.

If I could live on unicorns and acorns I would.
Mystery and Magic.
My friend tells me the moon is in Libra.
Hard times ahead for a heavy Taurus.

The earth sign giveth and the earth sign taketh away.

—ONE HAND CLAPPING



HOLDING TOGETHER

Timothy Leary
Welcome Here
—Acid Heads of America

Timothy Leary looked like a Madison Avenue press agent the first time I saw him. He wore a seersucker sportcoat with a big flower in the lapel; shirt, tie, and slacks; short hair; and a big smile. You might call it an acid smile.

It was 1966 and Leary was becoming known as an "advocate" of mind-expanding drugs, particularly LSD. The recently-fired Harvard professor was giving a lecture sponsored by the League for Spiritual Discovery (L.S.D.).

The audience was mostly straight, including me. It was even held at the St. Francis Hotel, where royalty and other elite piggery stay when in San Francisco.

But the smile pierced through it all. It was the smile we were soon to feel on our own faces; the smile we would soon see on the faces of our loved ones. You might call it an acid smile.

He had a smile that was the essence of "peace, love, and good vibes." A smile of confidence that gave you confidence. A beautiful smile. An acid smile.

Timothy Leary had turned on.

The next time I saw him Tim's suit had been replaced by flowing robes. Rock music, incense, and weed sweetened the air. Tim was into the culture and doing a sort of Acid Show at Winterland.

He was running down the dynamics of an acid trip. Relating it to the life of Buddha. But even more important—breaking down fear of acid. Explaining how to get through the heavy parts, how to get cosmically higher, how to re-enter. All about proper set and setting. In short, a trip guide, using music, motion pictures, and lights.

Later he published a sort of guidebook to acid. A book I was to see many times in young people's homes. A book used by many to overcome the drug scare propaganda they'd been fed all their lives. Tim was using the media to turn millions of people on.

Timothy Leary had tuned in.

After a few years of carrying the acid message, Tim and Rosemary tried to settle down. They moved to the country – an "Ashram" they called it. And just tried to groove quietly.

Timothy Leary had dropped out. Or so he thought.

But by then millions of people had made the acid journey. Brother and sis just weren't the same anymore. Not too interested in the school - job - retirement schedule. They were taking those weird drugs, hanging out, letting their hair grow, and getting more "promiscuous."

And Tim Leary, known to pig media fans as "pied piper of LSD" or "acid guru", was blamed for the loss of all that good cannon / office / factory fodder. Ministers, columnists, politicians, and other pigs were pissed off.

They were right. More than any other one person he brought acid into Amerika's consciousness. And there was documented proof of him encouraging massive civil disobedience – "turn on, tune in, drop out."

So, in the end, Timothy Leary wasn't allowed to drop out. His whole being was an affront to Amerikan culture. And Amerika wanted to get his ass. They wanted him bad.

"A menace to society," said the Texas judge, sentencing Tim to 10 years for less than a half ounce of marijuana. "An insidious, detrimental influence on society," said the Orange County judge, sentencing him to another 10 years for two (planted) roaches.

Those tightassed old men in black robes had never been more right on. They'd been placed high on their courtroom pedestals to keep Amerika safe from fundamental change. They were the guardians of law, order, property, and morality. Protectors of the death culture.

Standing before them was a 50-year-old youth. A person exuding "peace, love and good vibes" would have been more than enough to freak them out. But this dude was an out-front cultural revolutionary! A living, vibrating challenge to every value they were sworn to protect. A loving, free, open person. A definite menace to honko Amerikan society.

Tim had played a very important historical role. By bringing the message of acid to millions of youth, he did much toward setting up a counter-culture. A new, joyous, sharing way of life. An alternative to the alienation of plastic Amerika.

But Tim had yet another mission. He was destined to become a political revolutionary as well. Tim went through the changes – turn on, tune in, drop out, deal with it – slower than some of us, faster than others. But when he moved to the fourth plateau he did it in a big way.

Timothy Leary's dead.
Oh, no, no, no,
He's outside
Looking in.
—The Moody Blues

After seven months of jail, Tim busted out of the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo. All they found were his prison denims in the rest room of a local service station.

Prison authorities expressed surprise. "He seemed unlikely to be violent or to try to escape," they said. Doubtless, they'd been deceived by his age (50) and the mellowness Tim always projects.

They should have known better. Tim was nothing if not free. And free people can't relate to being caged up – no matter how mellow they are.

Michael Kennedy, Tim's attorney, said he could see Tim growing ever more revolutionary. (Could it have been the karmic energy of fellow-inmate Huey Newton that moved Tim to further growth?) At any rate, the months of imprisonment with oppressed people of all colors and backgrounds shook the last remnants of the Harvard professor out of Timothy Leary.

A few days after he broke out, news media around the country got the fourth communication from the Weatherman Underground. "The Weatherman Underground has had the honor and pleasure of helping Dr. Timothy Leary

~ turn to page 23 ~

YOU CAN'T USE US

The following article was written by one of the members of the staff of the Shelter Half Coffee House, Tacoma, Washington. It raises some important questions for the GI movement.

Berkeley Tribe:

I work at the Shelter Half, a coffee house for GI's in Tacoma. If you've ever run Mom and Pop's candy store, you know half our problems. (Buying supplies, mopping up, recording sales tax, and running to the bank to deposit the money you borrowed to fix the car before the ice cream dealer can cash the check you gave him late Friday afternoon.) And if you've ever worked in an organizing project like down south with SNCC in the old days, you know the other half of our problems. (The staff house is bombed, the health inspector's coming, and suspicious number of Birchers hanging around last night, get out a real heavy publicity campaign so they'll drop charges against the 35 guys arrested for holding a meeting on base, get a lawyer out to the base quick for this guy who's being held for distributing papers, and talk — talk — talk to guys who know much better than you what's wrong with their lives and why, try to get them to meetings, start them making their own leaflets, give them a sense that something CAN happen.)

When we started, the Movement left us alone, except for sending down free newspapers — thousands of them — more than could line all the garbage cans on Fort Lewis Army base and McChord Air Force base combined.

But lately we've been getting more visits from Movement celebrities, old friends from San Francisco, even some Seattle Weatherman blow in now and then. They plant their Viet Cong flags at the door, make some noise to arouse the assembled peatbog soldiers and sometimes ask us what's been happening.

At first I used to tell them my stories enthusiastically — stories of guys drifting, drafted and drugged who suddenly or gradually woke up and decided collectively to take back their own lives.

I point to the guy typing in the corner. He had so little sense of himself he even re-enlisted two years ago for lack of anything else to do. One day in a fit of sanity he just refused to follow orders. He took my baby to "work" with him one morning at 6'00 a.m. I was a bit reluctant but he won me with his political line. "I'll just say, 'This woman has important things to do while I'm just standing around playing army. Why should a woman be tied down twenty-four hours a day just because she has a child?' " So I sent the kid and like any 1½ year old, she can undermine the authority, deflate the discipline of any officer.

I might tell our visitors about the thirty-five guys who were arrested for holding a union meeting in a music room. I tell them about how the guys were isolated and threatened yet no one would answer questions or give information about "leaders". Everyone stood together, including two guys who just happened to be in the music room when the meeting occurred around them.

I tell how 4,500 copies of the Fort Lewis paper FED—UP found their way onto base despite the fact that it's illegal to distribute on base. I try to tell my would-be terrorist friends about the underground web that can't be untangled because it has no threads. Just everyone do what he can and don't ask what anyone else is doing.

Or I might just tell them to listen in on a conversation. . .So the Sargeant gets this guy upon a platform and says, "O.K., tell 'em why you won't buy a bond", and the guy says, "The war sucks and I'm not going to pay for it." "O.K.," the Sargeant says, "everyone down and we'll just do push-ups till this guy decides to buy the bond." So we all get down and we're doing push-ups and a few gung-ho guys — there's maybe six or seven in the whole company — are shouting, "Buy the bond!" And the Sargeant asks again, "You gonna buy the bond?" and the guy answers, "No!" Then somebody just got up — I'm still not sure who — and other guys started to get up, and I got up, and we all got up. And someone walks over to the guy who won't buy a bond and shakes his hand and then there was a line of us all shaking his hand and patting him on the back. And that was it! We didn't hear any more about bonds, and no more push-ups and no mass punishments in that company for the whole rest of basic.

Most of the time our visitors are extremely unimpressed. "The brown, the yellow, the black, the third world people (or peoples) of the world are hurling bombs back at the Americans, knocking their jets out of the sky, and you're talking about bombarding them with babies. While imperialism dominates three-fourths of the earth you're talking about grievances like being forced to buy bonds, or being woken up at four in the morning."

In fact, I think our activities contribute as substantially as any front of the Movement to the victory of the NLF. We provide moral justification for soldiers who stayed high and hid throughout their tour in Nam. If men ever turn their guns on their officers and decide themselves to fly the planes and ships home, it will be because they learn in basic that you can refuse orders and get away with it if you act together.

I am mightily unimpressed by the third world and anti-imperialism as the only basis for organizing our struggle. First on a tactical level, even the Viet Cong don't try to make revolution on the basis solely of anti-imperialism. When they take over a village they off the landlords, build schools and hospitals and try, within their limited means, to create something that they consider socialism. They not only kick out the Americans, but they leave something people might fight to defend.

Just as a tactical matter, we are not going to have either a revolution or a revolt in the army unless people are fighting for something they themselves want.

Sometimes my militant visitors see the point and agree that it might be all right to add a bit about "GI Rights" to our general anti-imperialist platform. But when they find out my objections are more than just tactical, we lose them forever. If we're lucky. (If not they stick around to denounce us.)

The poor countries of this world can't be the model for the revolution we want to make. They do show us that someday we will have to fight with guns and with our lives against capitalism. But on the questions of how to fight, and when to fight, and most of all what to fight for, they don't have all the answers.

Yes of course I'm for their revolutions. When people are fighting to throw out foreign domination, when they're tring to reorganize things so they won't starve and their children won't stare listless and wasted by diseases, of course, I'm with them.

But starvation, foreign domination, disease, overwork, these aren't the problems that will move Americans to risk their lives. Societies like China, Albania, Korea, Algeria are no more alluring to the average Americans than, say, the Soviet Union which, thank heaven, no New Leftists have thus far rediscovered like they are rediscovering so much other crap.

CONT'D ON PG. 18

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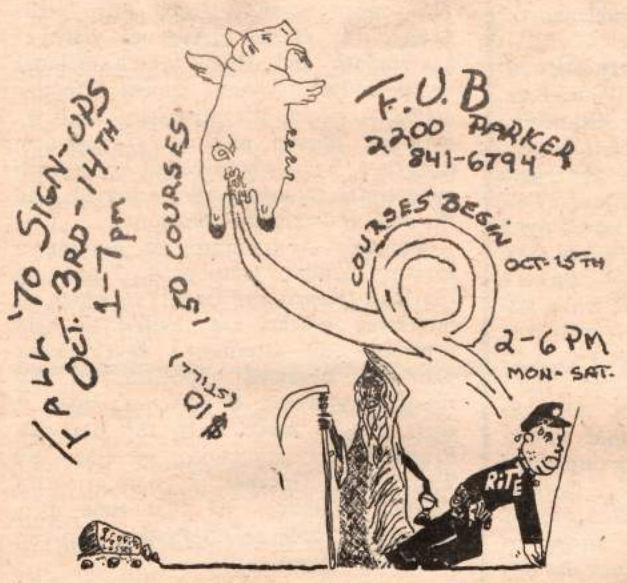

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MILITARY continued from page 16

In an apparent mood of militancy, the left is attaching itself to the third world as though all they could see for themselves as revolutionaries is a fifth-column role inside the mother country — an annoying tummy-ache in the "belly of the monster." When it comes to describing what we're fighting for, be default, all that's being projected is an image of 700,000,000 Chinese marching in step.

I think the reason the third world has such an allure is because they are the only people really fighting. And in the Movement at large there is a big hang-up about fighting. There's a whole non-violent phase to get over. Many Weathermen were explicit in saying that their action in Chicago was to show blacks and Mexicans that white middle-class Americans can fight too.

The GI movement never really had this hang-up. Most of the young men I meet are neither pacifists nor would they enjoy playing soldier just for the fun of it. A fellow who said he was a revolutionary pacifist was laughed off at a GI conference in Washington. At the same time having nothing to prove themselves, most GI's, like most Americans, like most people in the world, will only fight FOR something.

It is time that anarchist and libertarian socialist thinkers started sending into the Movement solid (or even airy) images of the world "afterwards" which we are fighting for. Militants must become unashamed to bring forward the feeling of alienation which tossed them into the struggle which they now believe to be a struggle for the Vietnamese or Chinese masses.

I don't know exactly how and when we will bring down capitalism. And I'm not exactly certain what society will look like afterwards. But I know one of the key concepts will be a society where no human being is used for someone else's profit, where no man's labors are forced or exploited. Capitalism can probably meet any demand but the total end of exploitation.

The military makes a very blatant effort to turn men into tools. When I see guys standing up and saying collectively, "You can't use us," I know my organizing must be going in the right direction. This is true when they say "I won't go on riot-control," "I won't fight in Vietnam," but it is also true when they say "I won't crawl on my belly, "I won't buy a bond," "I will go home when my baby is being born."

An army with the attitudes I wish to nurture cannot be used to fight imperialistic wars. So I am not too concerned about the charge that we are ignoring our obligation to the oppressed of the earth. I am much more worried that the hollow anti-imperialist slogans of our movement create no image of freedom for which people will (or should) fight.

—B.G.

Another of those people vs. The System battles is shaping up in Berkeley. This one concerns "Hearst Strip", the area of Hearst Avenue between Sacramento and Milvia which includes People's Park Annex. Unless effective action is taken, the area may wind up with an odious mixture of high-cost high-rises, a greatly widened street with auto traffic considerably increased, and the park and existing trees gone.

People's Architecture is holding a meeting Sunday, October 4, 3 p.m., in the Park (Hearst and Grant) to which all interested parties are invited to help formulate an alternative development plan and organize opposition to any rip-off city action. If you can't make it then, try to make it to the Berkeley Planning Commission meeting on Wednesday, October 7, 8 p.m. City Council chambers. At that time it is hoped that such an alternative plan can be presented.

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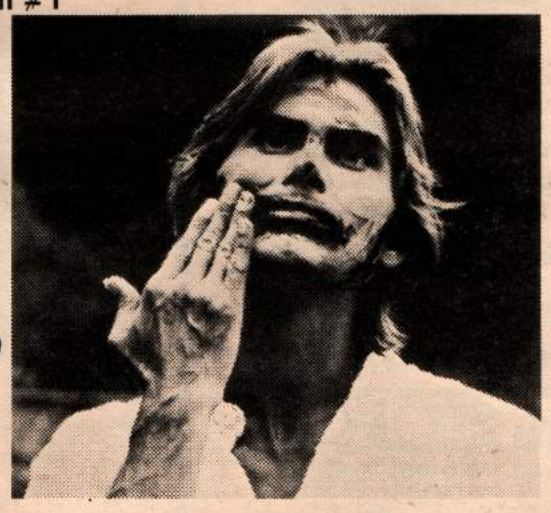

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PEOPLE NEWS

The TRIBE received a call from an anonymous checker at the Telegraph Ave. Co-op — which just hired a full-time security guard to catch shoplifters.

In his first two hours on the job he was able to bust five people, turning them over to the pigs.

The Co-op has as yet not responded to the community to justify this outrage: Undernourished Berkeleyites, be aware!

The American Committee for the Defence of the Accused Assassin of Richard M Nixon is a Seattle-based organization with the purpose of seeing to it that the truth of the matter is known should Richard Nixon be the fifth president to fall by an assassin's bullet. Information may be had by writing to Richard A Williamson, Chrmn, American Committee for the Defense of the Accused Assassin of Richard M Nixon, 406 Broadway, Seattle, Wa., 98122

On SUnday, Oct. 11th, from 3-6pm at Ho Chi Minh Park (Derby & Hillegass) members of the Free University, which is everyone, will have a potluck - feast - rap - sing - dance for those giving and taking courses and vice versa and for those in the community who would like to help us celebrate the Fall '70 session. Everyone is invited. Bring food and drink and whatever else you would like to see happen.

Up in what is known as a fertile community (agriculturally that is), called Davis, where there is a university that has the richest student population of all the U.C. campuses, some heavy brothers and sisters have decided to start an underground paper.

This means that they need some bread to get those presses rolling. So after plenty of the usual hassles, a benefit has been planned. And the Medicine Show in all its freaky finery, and stoned-out stardom will be blessing the Davis community with its presence at the benefit.

Plan to come and have a GOOD time. The Medicine Show will include the late Reverend Doctor Wesley T. Sommers Salvation Band. And those dudes are way out! Also on the list with the Medicine Show will be the Tribe's very own Brother Brown playing in a band called Trouble.

Support your local underground paper and have a stoned-out time all at once! The festival will be held on Wednesday, Oct 7 and Thursday Oct 8. Both days it will run from 6 p.m. til 1-2 a.m. and. . .it's only 50 cents.

Effective immediately, the Berkeley office of Bar Sinister will no longer be operating in the usual location. Individuals with old or still active BTU rent strike cases are asked to note the new phone numbers to contact regarding their cases. Call 843-2133 (Pat), 548-5342 (Billie) or 652-0784 (Barry).

Gay women have been getting together at the Women's Center at 1126 Addison in Berkeley. Wednesday night they meet for a rap at the Center at 8 p.m.. On Saturday nights, also about 8 p.m., the gay women sponsor an open house for all women. Everyone is welcome, and it is suggested that you bring wine and food.

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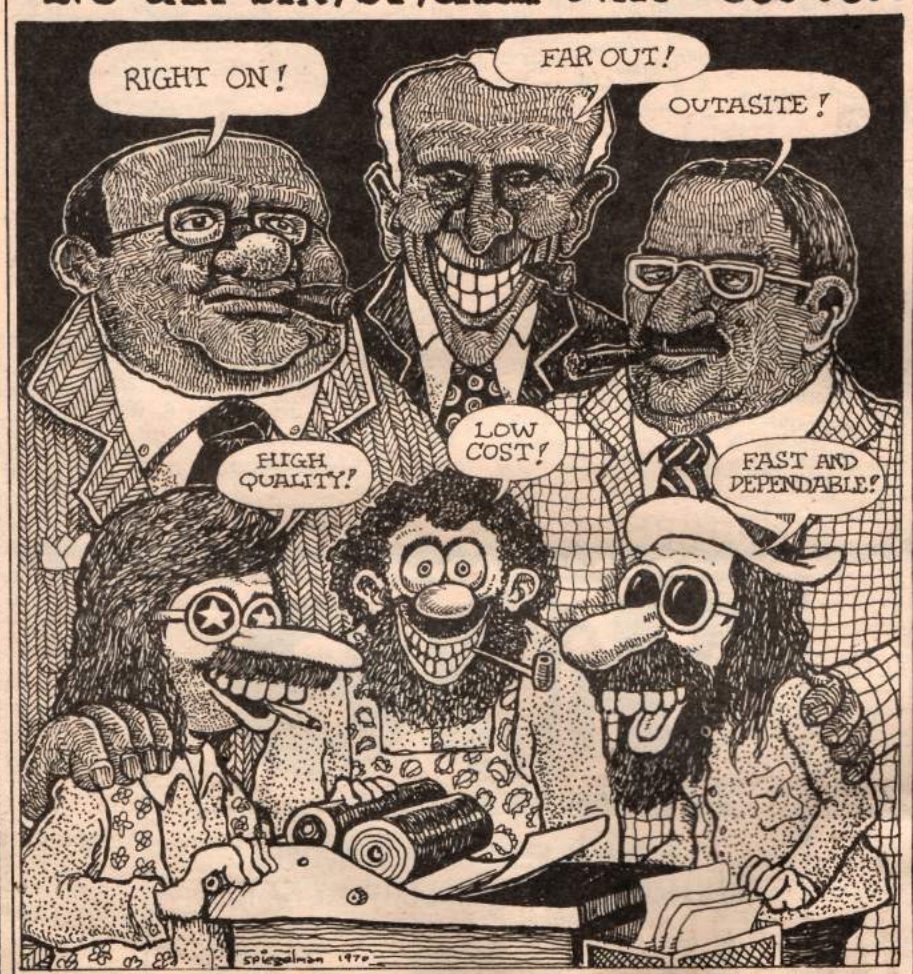

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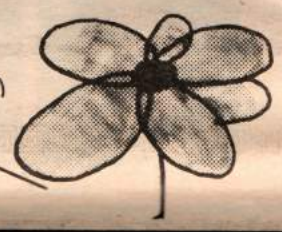

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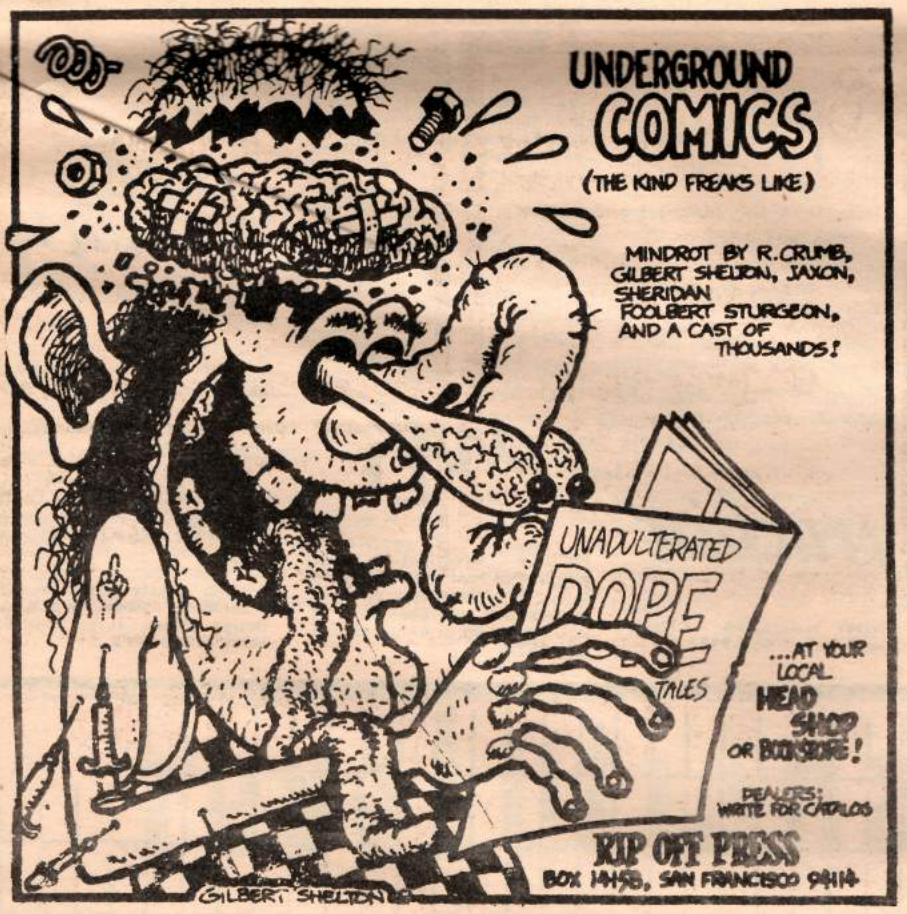

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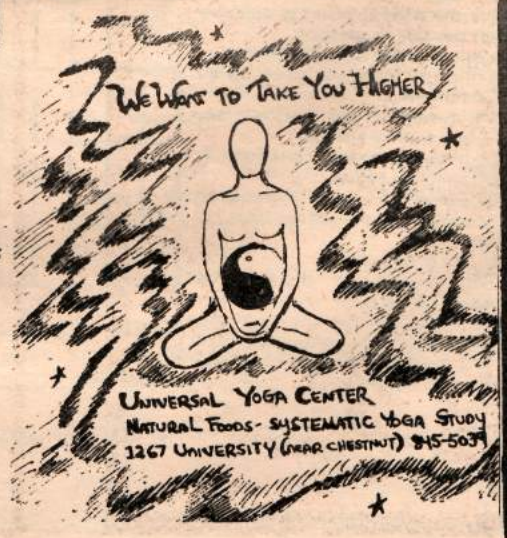

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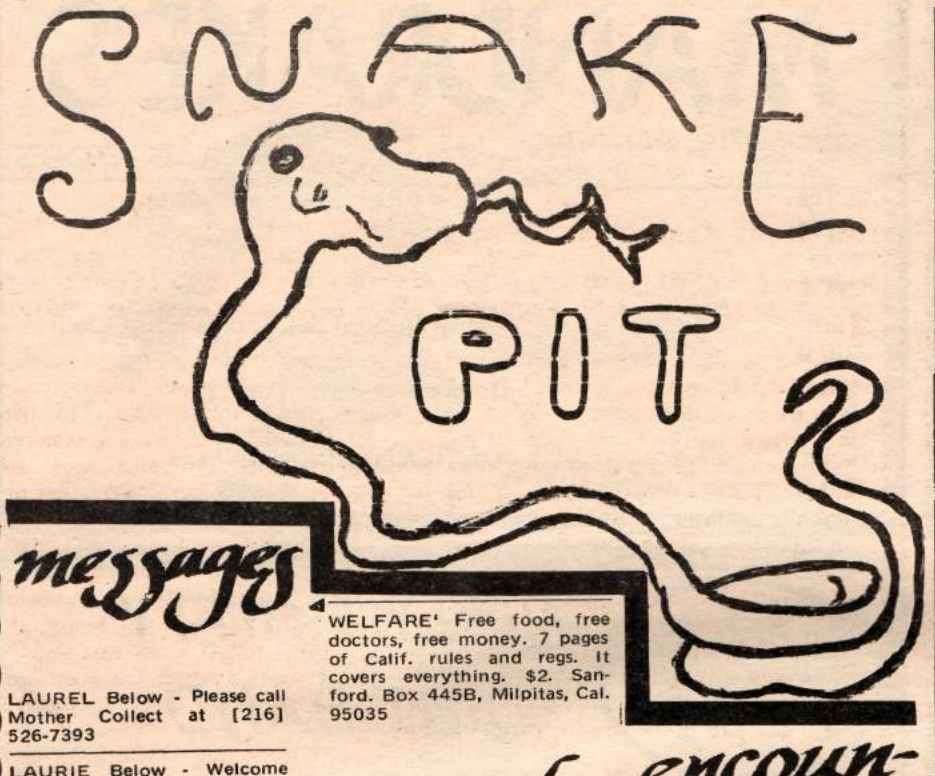

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people

JIM (CARTER?) from Bkly who went fishing on Sat Sept 5 after our Oddysey call 653-9975. I left a message for you. Anna

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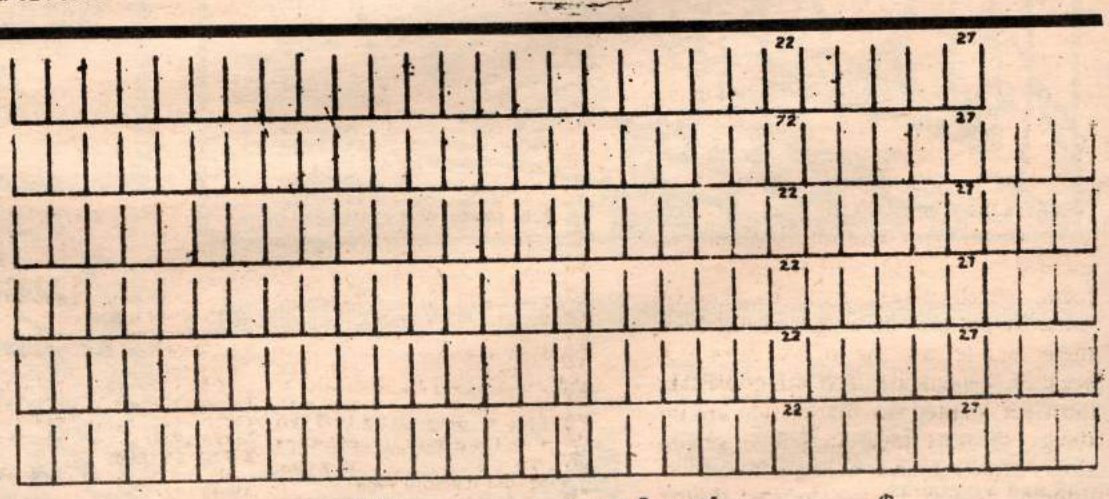

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JAILHOUSE BLUES c't'd from page 11

One thing the Man uses to break people is smack. In the jail I was in, there were a lot of people in for smack – some even turned themselves in for 30 days to kick. I talked to a lot of women who were dope addicts, and we rapped about different drugs. Like we'd all started out with reefer, but they'd gotten into smack while I'd gone on to acid and mesc. There's so much smack in the black community, it's incredible. And the people I talked with – they didn't dig it, they knew it was killing them. There was this one woman I talked with who was a really beautiful, funny smart person who'd been a junkie for eight years. She had scars and abscesses all over her body from the cheap shit they sell on the streets. She was really scared that she would never completely kick – it was all around her. Giving her an abstract rap about revolution would have been totally meaningless, not to mention racist. She knew it all, knew more than me because her whole life had been that oppression. She knew that there is a revolution, that it's necessary – shit, every person in that jail was conscious of that. It was a matter of kicking the man and the man's junk off her back, and that's a real hard thing to do. Some people finally do kick, but most people keep coming back, back to jail, because it's everywhere on the streets.

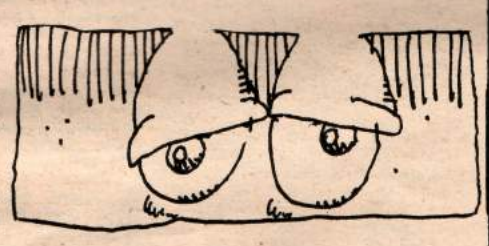
In some ways I can understand why people get strung out – it's a way of deadening and fading the oppression around you, but in the end it comes around and kills you. I think the people need to declare total war on smack, and the mafioso/government pushers, because it's one of the heaviest counterrevolutionary forces around. I've seen it and it's so destructive of people, it isolates them from each other, it's a slow day by day dying. (It's also interesting that at the point that the white youth community started getting more revolutionary was the point that there was a tremendous influx of junk into the freek scene. There wasn't so much junk in the Black community, either, until the 50s, around the onset of the civil rights movement and growning black consciousness.)

A couple of women had taken acid, but most of them were scared to try it. I talked about how it was a whole intensification of reality, not a fantasy. We figured that in a lot of ways it was a white drug, because young white people can get into tripping in much more liberated surroundings. Can you dig on what it would be like tripping in the ghetto with rats and roaches and pigs kicking down your front door? The women who'd done it had even tripped in jail (there were all kinds of drugs in there) and had been hallucinating in bars and the gigantic roaches that live there, and being locked up. It sounded really frightening – she hadn't dug it too much either!

There's a whole way people have of surviving in jail, of making their life in jail a continuation of life outside. People get tight together, cheer the pigs being shot outside, try to keep in touch with their people. One thing I found really gave me a lot of strength was music. Everyone listened to the local soul station on the radio, which played some really good jams. We got into dancing, and just lying there and letting the music carry you back to the outside. The things we take most for granted on the outside are the things we miss most in jail – getting stoned, making love, eating edible food, listening to live music. The first thing I did when I got out was to get really high with some friends, and listen to all my favorite records.

Sometimes, despite everything people do to survive, it gets incredibly hard. A lot of that's the fault of people on the outside who forget their brothers and sisters in jail. One woman was in because no one would put up a $10 bond for her. That's hard to swallow. My cellmate had a boyfriend when she came in, and at first he wrote all the time, then the letters trailed off, and we started getting vibes that he had another woman. I know how it feels now, because the same thing happened to me – my old man mysteriously vanished into thin air, despite promises to come see me when I got out. That shit really hurts – if your brothers and sisters are only going to stick by you when things are cool, and then desert you when it gets hard, there's something WRONG!

There's a whole lot of beautiful people in the jails and prisons of Amerika. They might be forgotten, but they don't forget – no one comes out of the jails without a healthy amount of hatred in them for the system that put them there. Ho Chi Minh said something about freeing the prisoners and unleashing the dragon that will destroy the imperialist monster. . . and the basis is there. The years of oppression are turning into a real rage, and one day it's going to explode.



tim leary continued from page 15

escape from the POW camp at San Luis Obispo." It was signed by Bernardine Dohrn.

What a mind-fuck! The Weathermen and Timothy Leary? Oh, it can't be true!

But it was, gentle people, it was.

Weatherman – the cutting edge of the white movement. (Some even thought of them as violence-obsessed nihilists). White bourgeois college kids turned to revolutionaries, intent upon destroying U.S. imperialism. As someone once said, "communists first and hippies second."

But Weatherman – plagued by conspiracy and other jive indictments – was now underground. Guerrilla fish in a sea of young people – protected by the culture, the life style that acid did so much to shape.

Weathermen and Weatherwomen were becoming "hippies" as well as "politicos." They were finding roots in the hip community that sheltered them. What greater gift, what greater symbolic appreciation, than to free Tim Leary?

And Tim's message – "Brothers and sisters, at this time let us have no more talk of peace. The conflict we have sought to avoid is upon us. A worldwide ecological religious warfare. Life vs. Death."

Strangely, the news of the communique was blacked out in many major Amerikan cities by the pig press. Even the New York Times didn't see "fit to print" it. Scared of "hippies" becoming "politicos" perhaps?

Tim Leary – a name long associated with peace, love, and good vibes – saying, "Arm yourselves and shoot to live." Running down the best rap I ever read. Explaining why dropping out isn't enough. How we have to take that next step.

"There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald, My Lai, or Soledad. You are part of the death apparatus or you belong to the network of free life." Leary, after seven months in jail, knew this well. "In my flight to freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien. . ."

It's coming together people. Tim Leary and the Weathermen are doing it. Black, Brown, and Red people are doing it. Soldiers, and prisoners, and welfare mothers are doing it. Palestinians and Cambodians and Vietnamese are doing it. We can do it too.

As Tim said in the note he carried over the wall, "Listen the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live."

Tim and Rosemary, you're beautiful. Come and see us when you get the chance.

–Rick

T.C.B.

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VETERANS WAR MEM: Van Ness & McAllister SF
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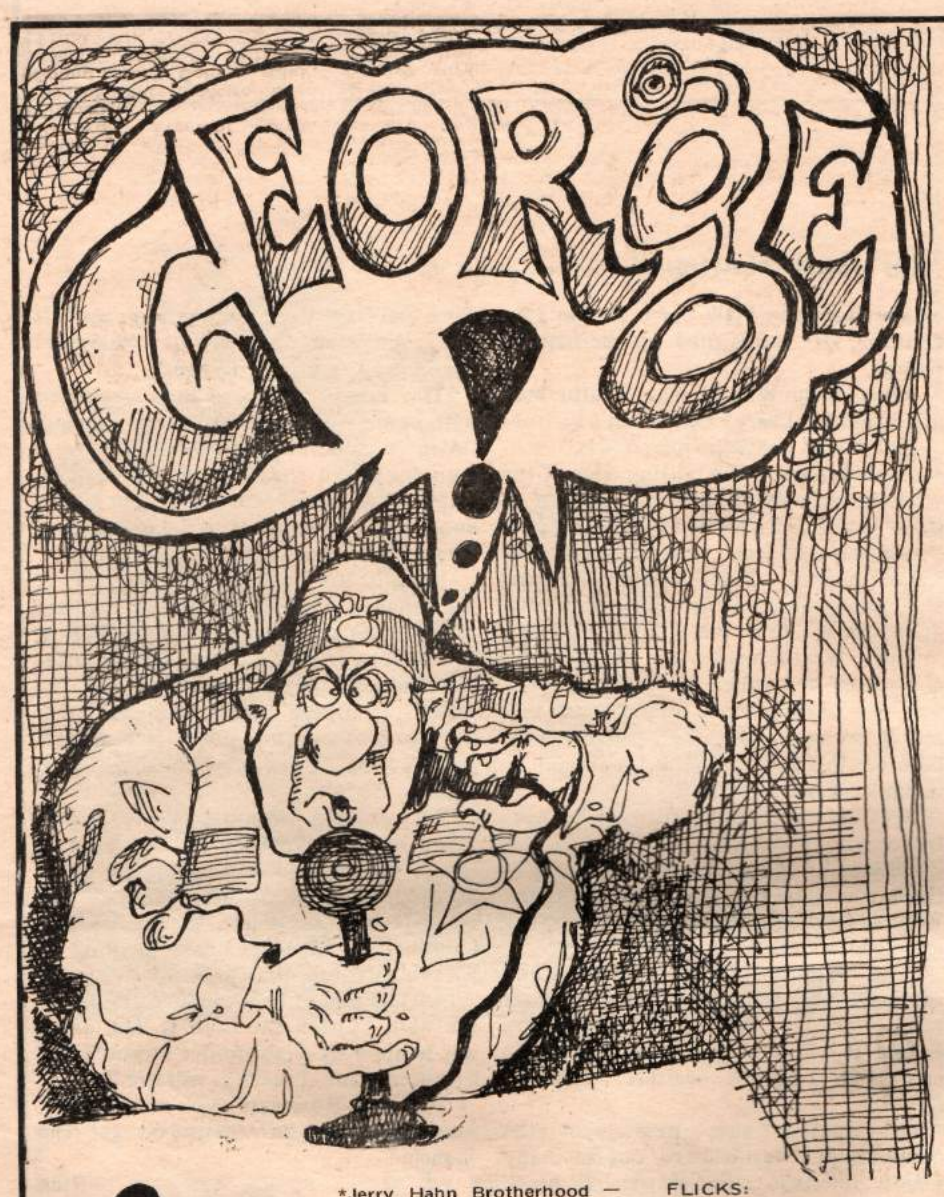

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OCT 2

SOUNDS:

*Dance Concert: Metropolitan Sound Co. After hours, Little Richard's Fremont Blvd, Fremont.
*Dance Concert, Metroploitan Sound Co. Colony Club, Black Diamond St., Pittsburg. $1.00.
*Jerry Hahn Brotherhood — Lion's Share, Dan Anselmo.
*Birth — New Monk.
**Jim Rosenberg — Seventh Seal. 9 pm - 1 am.
*John Lee Hooker — Matrix. $2.00.
*Harbinger — Babylon.

FLICKS:

*Magic Lantern — Student films from SF State, UCLA & Yale. 8-10 pm. Pauley Ballroom, UC. $1.25 student, $1.50 general.
*"The Connection" — Washington School Aud, 7:30. 9:30. $1.00.
*"The Private Life of Henry VIII," "Henry V." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," "Stagecoach." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Contempt," "Eclipse." Fethers Pt.
*"Thank Your Lucky Stars" — Nocturnal Drean Shows. 3345 17th St. SF.

THEATRE:

**Midsummer Night's Dream — New Sahkespeare Co. 8:30 pm, Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush & Gough St.
*Ol' Judge Mose is Dead — Bishop's Coffee House, 1437 Harrison, 8:30 pm. $1.00.

HAPPENINGS:

*Symposium: Sex, REligion & Freedom. 8 pm. 451 Frederick St. SF.
*Poetry REadings — George Johnson. Cedar Bonita Coffee House, 1606 Bonita. 50 cents.
*Jerry Hahn Brotherhood — Lion's Share, San Anselmo.
*Birth — New Monk.
**Howard Harrelson. Seventh Seal. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.
*Rock Dance. 9 p.m. 1606 Bonita — B. +1.00.
*John Lee Hooker — Matrix. +2.00.

FLICKS:

*"The Private Life of Henry VIII." "Henry V." Tele Rep., Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," "Stagecoach." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Contempt," "Eclipse." Fethers Pt.
**"Winter Wind" + "The Peach Thief," Merritt College, 5714 Grove St. Oakland.
*Thank Your Lucky Stars. Nocturnal Dream Shows, 3345 17th St. SF.

THEATRE:

**Midsummer Night's Dream — New Shakespeare Co. Concourse Bandshell, GG Park, 2 p.m.
**Midsummer Night's Dream: 8:30 p.m., Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush & Gough, SF.
**As You Like It — Band Concourse, GG Park, 2 p.m.
*Ol' Judge Muse is Dead: Bishop's Coffee House, 1437 Harrison, SF. 8:30 p.m. $1.00.

HAPPENINGS:

*Symposium on Sex, Religion, Freedom. 8 p.m. 451 Frederick St. SF.
*Garage Sale. Benefit for AFSCME. 2009 Prince, Berk. 11-5.
*Learn to tiedye. Bring own material. 1460 Masonic, SF. $2.00.

ART:

**Through Black Eyes — a show of East Bay Black Art. Oct 1 - Oct 11, 1924 Cedar St, Fellowship Hall, and BFU Education Building, 1606 Bonita.
**Kandinsky Watercolors — SF Museum of Art. Thru Nov 1.
***"Etchings by Elinor Distler." Thru Oct 28. Ames Gallery. 549-1055.

sat

OCT 3

SOUNDS:

*Shine Company, Babylon
*Dance Concert: Metropolitan Sound Co. After Hours, Little Richard's Fremont Blvd., Fremont.
*Dance Concert: Metropolitan Sound Co., Colony Club, Black Diamond St., Pittsburg, $1.00

sun

OCT 4

SOUNDS:

*Shine Company. Babylon. Jam w/ Danny Bousserve of Metropolitan SoundCo. Black Knight, Oakland.
*Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service. Winterland Ballroom.
*Joel Durham. Red Lion, 1832 Euclid Ave.

FLICKS:

*"The Private Life of Henry VIII," "Henry V." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," Stagecoach." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Sunset Blvd,'" "Red Line 7000." Fethers Pt.

THEATRE:

**Midsummer Night's Dream. Meadow Behind deYoung Museum, GG Park, 2 pm.
**As You Like It. Band Concourse, GG Park, 3:30 pm.

HAPPENINGS:

*Symposium: Sex, Religion, Freedom. 8 pm. 451 Frederick St. SF.
**Evangelical Catholic Communion. Serving the Gay Community. 6:30 pm. 3343 22nd St. SF.
*Garage Sale. Benefit for AFSCME. 2009 Prince, Berk. 11-5.

mon

OCT 5

SOUNDS:

*Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Winterland Ballroom.

FLICKS:

*"The Private Life of Jenry VIII," "Henry V." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," "Stagecoach." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Sunset Blvd," "Red Line 7000," "New Times," Fethers Pt.

HAPPENINGS:

*Potluck Dinner, Gay Liberation Front. 6 pm. 2311 Bowditch.
*Groups in Movement, body awareness, ritual, fantasy, self-encounter, 1st Unitarian Church, SF, 647-8019.
*Men's Liberation Meeting — 7:30 pm. 845-4084.

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OCT 6

SOUNDS:

*Ray Bregante, Big Brother & the Holding Co. Matrix. $2.00.

FLICKS:

*"Pickpocket," "Le Proces De Jeanne D'Arc." SF Museum of Art, 7 pm. $1.50.
*"The Private Life of Henry VIII," "Henry V." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," "Stagecoach." TeleRep, Cien II.
*"Sunset Blvd," "Redline 7000," "New Times." FEthers Pt.

HAPPENINGS:

*Poetry Reading — Michael McClure. 9 pm. Lone Mountain College. 2800 Turk Blvd, SF. $.75.
*"Facing What Truth Is" — Talk/discussion by Larry Cooper (based on teachings of Krishnamurti). 451 Frederick St, SF. 661-0699.
*BENEFIT FOR SOLEDAD BROTHERS — TOM HAYDEN, INEZ WILLIAMS, MUSIC. 7:30 pm. 2012 Pine St, SF.

wed

OCT 7

SOUNDS:

*Ray Bregante, Big Brother & the Holding Co. Matrix. $2.00.

FLICKS:

*"The Private Life of Henry VIII," "Henry V." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Ride in the Whirlwind," "Stagecoach." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Sunset Blvd," "Red Line 7000," "New Times." Fethers Pt.

HAPPENINGS:

*Poetry Reading — SF Poets. Jack Shoemaker, Peter Wigham, Jeanetta Jones, 8:00 pm. 756 Union St, SF. $1.00.
**Gay Liberation Workshop in Non-Violence. 7:30 pm. 3343 22nd St.

thurs

OCT 8

SOUNDS:

**Piano Recital: Robert Hoffman, Merritt College, rm c-8, 11 am. 4714 Grove St., Oakland.
*Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Mimi Farina & Tom Jans — Lion's Share, San Anselmo.
*Robert Savage — New Monk. Free to women.

FLICKS:

*"Ishi of Two Worlds," "Rebel without a Cause." 7:00 & 9:30 pm. LeConte School, 2827 Ellsworth. $1.25.
*"Films of James Broughton." Tele Rep, Cine I.
*"Films of Kenneth Anger." Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Trouble in Paradise," "Applause." Fethers Pt.
**"Through a Glass Darkly." Moose City Club Theater, 1428 Alice St., Oakland.

fri

OCT 9

SOUNDS:

*Sly & the Family Stone, Frost Amphitheatre, Stanford U. 8:00 pm.

FLICKS:

*"The Connection." Washington School Aud. 7:30 & 9:30. $1.00.
**"Hour of the Wolf" & "All These Women." Merritt College Aud. 7 pm. 5714 Grove St., Oakland.
*Films of James Broughton. Tele Rep, Cine I.
*Films of Kenneth Anger. Tele Rep, Cine II.
*"Trouble in Paradise," "Applause," "New Times." Fethers Pt.

HAPPENINGS:

*Sensory Awareness & Theater Games. Cedar Bonita Coffee House. 1606 Bonita.

cont

**New Shakespeare Company, multiracial classical rep theatre is now interviewing actresses & actors for company membership; call 771-5290.
**The Anagnorisis Group explores the illusions which imprison us in ignorance; 8:00 pm; Tuesdays, SF Unitarian Church; 1187 Franklin - in Bkly, Newman Hall, 2700 Dwight; 525-2663
**Wobblies: IWW - regular meetings in SF 1st Sunday, Bkly - Oak, 3rd Sunday of each month; 647-8025 (SF), 658-0793 (Oak).
**Hallelelujah! The Three Rings, a group of ARabs, christians & jews bringing peace to Palestine (Fridays); 7:30pm; call 836-5690

needs

+Ethnic Enterprises needs models, musical groups, singers, dance routines, expressive dialogue, production writers & technicians; contact Eleanor Gould, Inter-Group Services, Laney College, 1001 3rd Ave, Oak. 465-4620.
+People's restaurant starting, good food, low prices. Need recipes to try out. Call 658-7766 for Judy.
*Free Church, Berk., needs more people, whats to remain open 24 hours—so let's help; 2389 Oregon, 549-0649.
+Transportation for persons wishing to visit San Quentin, San Bruno, Santa Rita, call Vacaville, Soledad; Connections, 330 Ellis St, SF; 673-0298
+Free Store needs food, beds, refrig, toys, stoves, people; 5351 Foothill, Oakland. 533-7210.
+Stanford Community Children's Center is being organized. They need funds for staff and materials. 500 Willow Road, Stanford (415) 323-8138
+SF Mime troup would like to give free puppet shows for children in underpriviledged areas. Contact Walter Jonas 431-1984.
+Space available for movement groups to meet. Downtown Peace Coalition, SF. Call 989-7290.
+All women artists (painters, film makers, poets, composers, sculpters etc) who want to exhibit/ present works in/ thru a major museum w/ Women's Lib call Patricia at 285-3765.

class

*Guyanese Ritual — SF Dancer's Workshop. Begins Fri)ct 2. Tuition: $250. call 626-0414.
*Women who will help organize, teach or help fix a workshop for a carpentry class call 548-4076
*Adult and Children's Art Classes begin Oct 3, SF Museum of Art. For reg & info contact the SFMA Educ Dept; 863-8800
*Open Screening by individual filmmakers (class). 8pm every Wed Cinema Workshop 1380 Howard SF Free.
*Beautiful new groups in movement, body awareness, fantasy, ritual self-encounter. Mon nites, Thurs nites. First Unit Church, SF Contact Jane Jacobs 647-8019
*Primitive crafts workshop in Sierra Wilderness — open to public & operates year round. For info write Carl McKissick Box 363, Cedar Ridge, Calif 95924
*Primitive Crafts workshop in Sierra Mountains — pottery, weaving, stone and wood carving. $10 week or $5 weekend. Carl McKissick; Cedar Ridge, Calif. Only natural materials are used.
*Registration now for fall classes at arts and crafts cooperative to begin Oct. 5; 1652 Shattuck; 843-2527.
*Registration now for adult art classes (daytime) at SF Museum of Art; classes begin Oct. 6; 863-8800.
**Communes—Berkeley people interested in forming or joining communes come together and rap. People with houses and communes wanting members are especially welcome; Free University, 2200 Parker; every Monday, 7pm; FREE.
*Classes in Greek dancing; John's Studio; 231 Valencia St SF; 621-9094.
*Body movement, body fantasy, sensory awareness; Thurs, 10am-12 noon & 8-10pm; 1st Unitarian CHurch SF; $2.50/class; info 647-8019
*Yoga-exercise, breathing; day and eve. openings; Peoples Opiate Church, Bkly, $1. 845-2248
*The Ensemble will offer a modern movement series taught by Welland Lathrop on Sats; 1:30pm; 4725 Cabrillo, 387-6500.
**Free painting & drawing workshop for La Raza in the Mission, 3001 22nd St, SF 992-3345
*Fashion Arts Course offered by Berkeley Adult School; Registration at office, 2211 Grove
*Sessions in minority history & culture; Write to District's office of Human Relations, 1414 Walnut St, Bkly 94709 or 644-6355.
*Sewing new & old styles; 12hrs for $20; 2395 21st Ave ST, 681-8840.
*Nature study for foods & crafts; Carl, Box 363, Cedar Ridge, Calif, 95924; Weekly, $10. Send stamped envelope for info.
*Astrology class to begin Aug 6 every Thurs; 410 Precita; 7pm; $1.50/class.
**Women's CArpentry and Plumbing Classes; free; call 254-5161 or 548-4076.
*Jungian encounter, tarot, I Ching classes. SF; $3. Info 922-5048
*Sausalito Arts Center will hold following classes in the fall: life drawing, sculpture, creative writing, photo silk screen, children's creative arts, poetic structure; call 332-4475.
*Modern dance technique, creative dance, belly dancing. New Dance Workshop, 6371 Telegraph Ave, Oak 549-3678 or 848-4566.
*Modern Dance, Jazz, Acting, 18 Classes, all ages; Performing Arts Workshop 1530 Buchanan St, SF info 931-9228
*Batik & Tie Dye, stichery, body awareness, etc; over 99 classes for all ages, YWCA, 620 Sutter St SF; 775-6500
*Class in Card Weaving, macrame, natural dying & spinning; Tues 7-9pm; James Kenney Park, 8th & Del; $2; 524-0684.
*Modern Dance Classes, New Dance Workshop; 6371 Telegraph Oak; Info 549-3678
*AStrology, Yoga, Tarot etc.; Metaphysical Center SF; 420 Sutter; info 781-0732
*Guitar classes; Barry Olivier, Iniv YWCA, 2600 BAncroft, 848-6370
**New Happiness Workshop; for gays only, a fresh approach to personal dilemma & social conflicts. 451 Frederick St, SF; Sun 7pm, info 661-0699
*Modern Dance & body sensitivity; YWCA SF, 620 Sutter ST. 775-6500

draft

+Quaker Draft Counsel 843-9725
+ASUC Draft Counseling, 209 Eshleman UCB, 642-1431.
+West Coast Counselling Service:
Monterry: [408] 373-2305
Oakland: [415] 836-1039
San Diego: [714] 234-1305
SF: [415] 621-7035
+409 HOUSE: Open house draft counselling, free library, cottage industries program; much more. Mon-Sat, 3-10:30pm, 409 Clayton, SF; FREE; info 621-9553
+Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO), 437 Market St, SF, 397-6917.
+Draft Info. Center for S. Alameda C'nty: 3137 Castro Valley Blvd Rm 205, Castro Valley 10am - 4pm, 581-4015
+Chinatown - N'Beach draft help, 854 Kearny, 781-2922 noon-5pm: during wk. leave message 863-0775
*Draft Help — 865-0775
*Draft Counselling: M-F, 10-5pm; Tu, W, F, 10pm; 424 Lytton, Palo Alto; 327-3108

art

**Unitary Forms - Minimal sculpture, SF Museum of Art; thru Nov. 1
**Kandinsky Watercolors, Boyd Allen, Robert Barter, James Reineking, Jose Luis Cuevas now exhibiting; SF Museum of Art
**SF Museum of Art - permanent collection of European prints; thru Oct. 11
**Unitary forms — minimal sculpture; SF Museum of Art, thru Nov. 1.
*SF Art Institute Centennial Exhibition open to all painters, sculptors, print makers & photographers. Jan 15 - Feb 28, 1971. Artists interested should contact the Art Institute before Oct 10. Barbara Eglin 771-7020